



TREASURE ROOM

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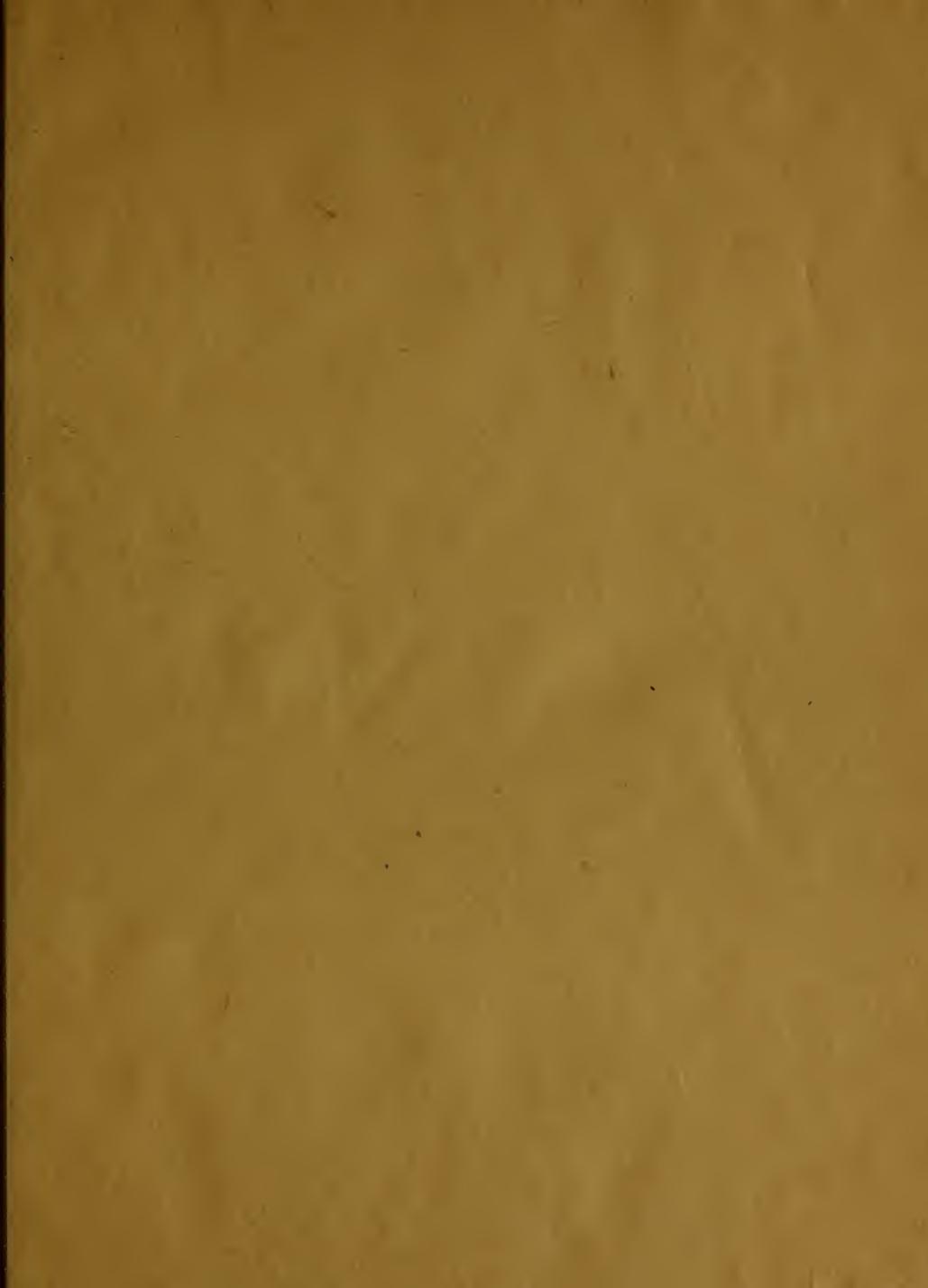


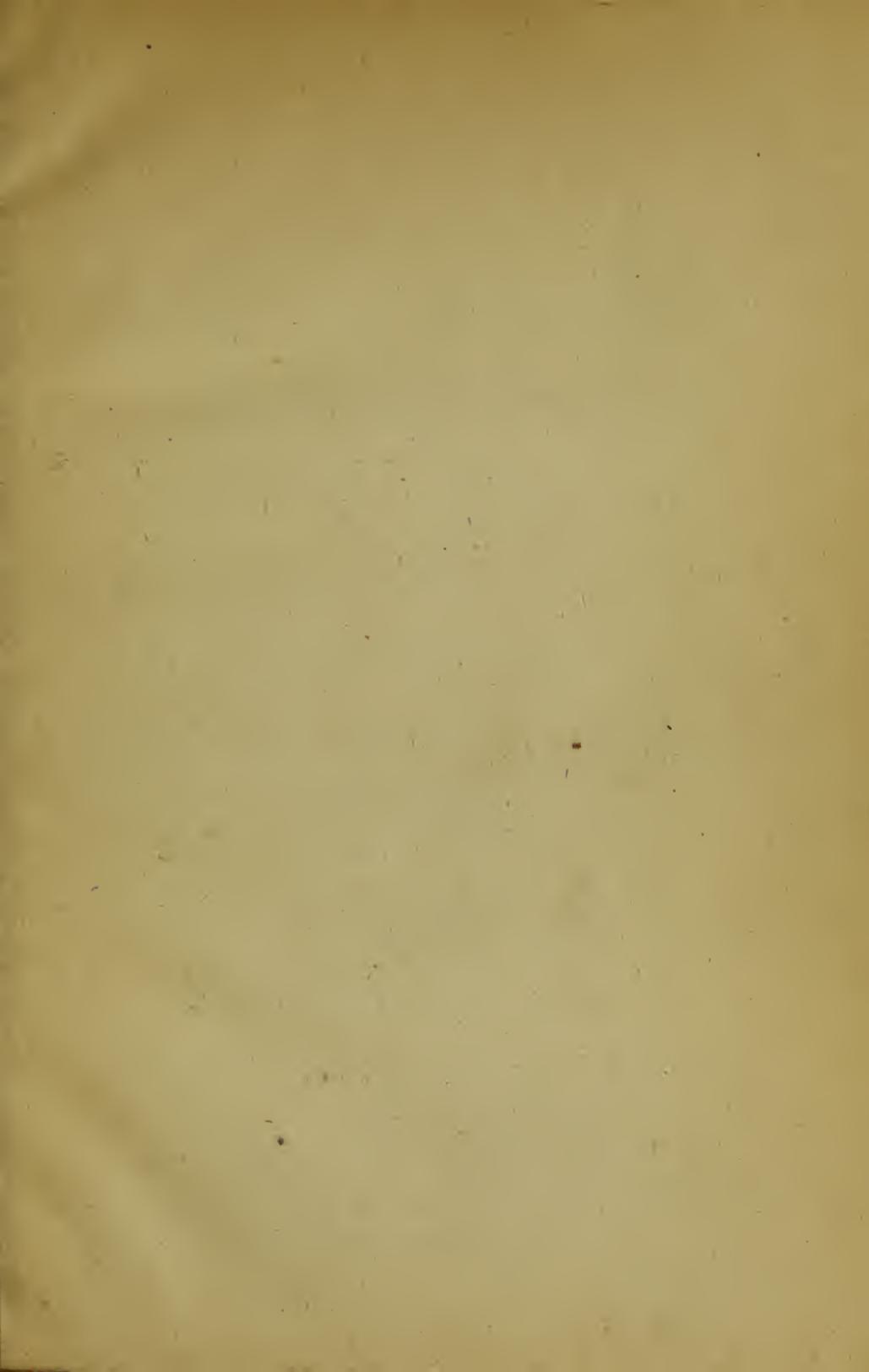
Thomas Bennett Barton.

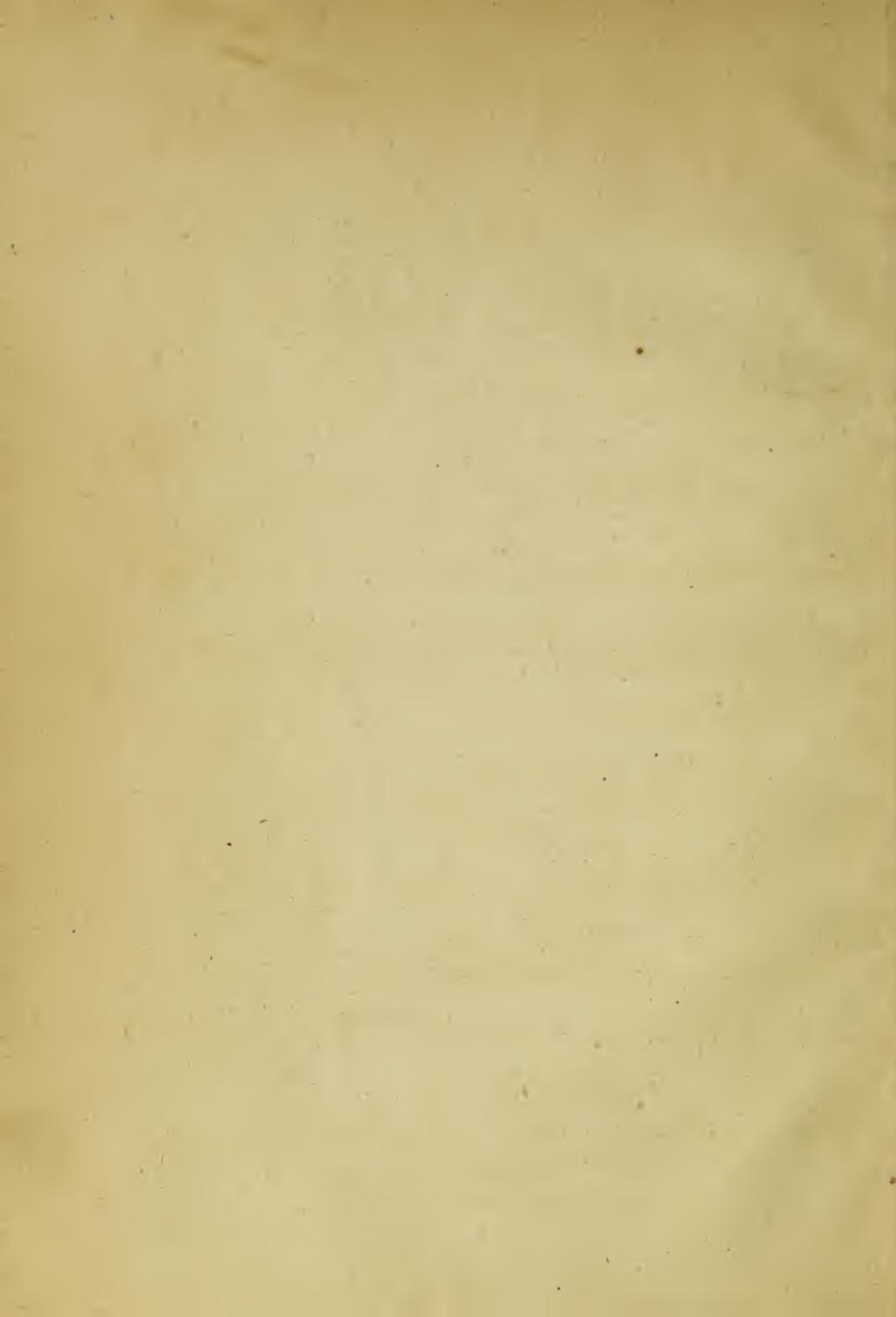
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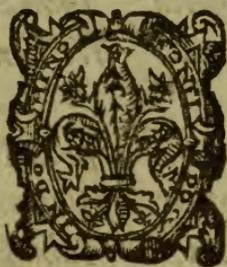
THE
PICTVRE.

A

TRAGECOMEDIE,

As it was often presented with good
allowance, at the *Globe*, and *Blacke-
Friers* Play-houfes, by the Kings
Maiefties feruants.

Written by Philip Massinger.



LONDON.

Printed by I. N. for *Thomas Walkley* and are
to be fould at his shoppe at the *Eagle* and
Child in Brittaines Burse. 1630.

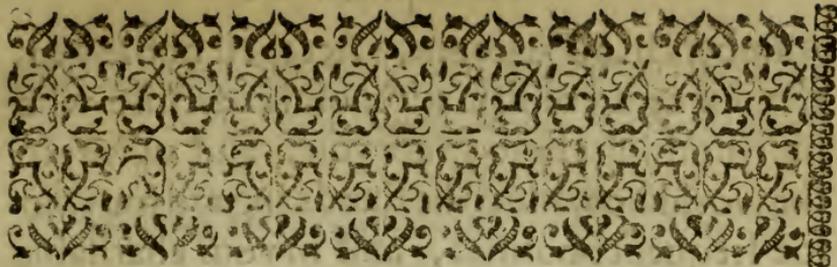


Dramatis personæ.

The Actors names.

<i>Ladislaus</i> King of Hungarie.	<i>Robert Benfield.</i>
<i>Eubulus</i> an old Counsaylor.	<i>John Lewin,</i>
<i>Ferdinand</i> Generall of the army.	<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>
<i>Matbias</i> a knight of Bohemia.	<i>Ioseph Taylor.</i>
<i>Vbaldo,</i>	<i>Thomas Pollard.</i>
<i>Ricardo,</i> 2. wild courtiers.	<i>Eylardt Swanstone.</i>
<i>Hilario,</i> seruant to <i>Sophia.</i>	<i>John Shanucke.</i>
<i>Iulio Baptista</i> a great scholler.	<i>William Pen.</i>
<i>Honorio</i> the Queene.	<i>John Tomson.</i>
<i>Acanthe</i> a maid of honor.	<i>Alexander Goffe.</i>
<i>Sophia</i> wife to <i>Matbias.</i>	<i>John Hunnieman.</i>
<i>Corisca,</i> <i>Sophias</i> woman.	<i>William Trigge.</i>

6. Masquers.
6. seruants to the Queene
Attendants.



To my Honored, and selected friends
of the Noble Society of the Inner
Temple.

IT may bee obiected, my not inscri-
bing their names, or tittles, to
whom I dedicate this Poem, procee-
deth either from my diffidence^o of
their affection to me, or their vnwillingnes to be
publishde the Patrons of a trifle. To such as shall
make so strict an inquisition of mee, I truly an-
swere. The *Play* in the presentment found
such a generall approbation, that it gaue mee as-
surance of their fauour to whose protection it is
now sacred, and they haue profes'd they so
sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they
would haue freely granted that in the publicati-
on, which for some reasons. I denide my selfe.
one, and that is a maine one: I had rather inioy
(as I haue donne) the reall proofes of their
friendship, then mountebanke like boast their

The Epistle.

numbers in a Catalogue. Accept it noble gentlemen as a confirmation of his seruice who hath nothing else to assure you, and witnes to the world how much he stands ingagd for your soe frequent bounties, and in your charitable opinion of me belecue, that you now may, and shall euer command,

Your seruant

Philip Massinger.



To his worthy friend M^r. *Philip*
Massinger, vpon his *Tragacomadie*
stiled, *The Picture*.

ME thinks I heere some busy Criticke say
Who's this that singly vsuers on this Play?
'Tis boldnes I confesse, and yet perchance
It may be constur'd loue, not arrogance.

I do not heere vpon this lease intrude
By praying one, to wrong a multitude.
Nor do I thinke that all are tyed to be
(Forc'd by my vote) in the same creed with me.
Each man hath liberty to iudge; free will,
At his owne pleasure to speake good, or ill.
But yet your Muse alreadie's knowne so well
Her worth will hardly find an infidell.
Heere she hath drawne a picture, which shall lye
Safe for all future times to practise by.
What ere shall follow are but Coppies, some
Preceding workes were types of this to come.
'Tis your owne liuely image, and sett's forth
When we are dust the beauty of your worth.
He that shall dully read and not aduance
Ought that is heere betrayes his ignorance.
Yet whosoever beyond desert commends
Errs more by much then he that reprehends,
For prayse misplac'd, and honor set vpon
A worthlesse subiect is detraction.
I cannot sin so heere, vnlesse I went
About, to stile you only excellent.
Apollo's gifts are not confin'd alone
To your dispose, He hath more heires then one,

And such as do deriue from his blest hand
A large inheritance in the Poets land
As well as you, nor are you I assure
My selfe so enuious, but you can endure.
To heere their praise, whose worth long since was knowne
And lustly to, prefer'd before your owne.
I know you would take it for an iniury,
(And 'tis a well becoming modesty)
To be paraleld with *Beannions*, or to heere
Your name by some to partiall friend write neere
Vnequal'd *Ionson*: being men whose fire
At distance, and with reuerence you admir'd.
Do so and you shall find your gaine will bee
Much more by yeelding them priority
Then with a certaintie of losse to hold
A foolish competition; Tis to bould.
A tasque, and to be shunde, nor shall my prayse
Wit to much waight ruine, what it would rayse.

Thomas Iay.



THE PICTURE,

A true Hungarian History.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

*Enter Mathias in armour, Sophia in a riding sute, Corisca,
Hilario with other seruants.*

Mathias.



Ince we must part *Sophia*, to passe further
Is not alone impertinent but dangerous.
We are not distant from the *Turkes* campe
Aboue five leagues, and who knowes but some partie
Of his *Timariots* that scoure the countrey
May fall vpon vs, be now as thy name
Truely interpreted hath euer spoke thee,
Wife, and discrete, and to thy vnderstanding
Marrie thy constant pacience.

Sophia. Yow put me Sir,
To the vtmost triall of it.

Mathias, Nay noe melting,
Since the necessity that now seperates vs,
We haue long since disputed, and the reasons
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in teates,
I grant that you in birth were farre aboue mee,
And great men my superiours riuals for you,
But mutuall consent of heart, as hands
Ioynde by true loue hath made vs one, and equal;
Nor is it in me meere desire of fame,

The Picture.

Or to be crièd vp by the publike voyce
For a braue souldier that puts on my armour;
Such aerie tumours take not me, you know
How narrow our demeanes are, and whats more
Hauing as yet no charge of children on vs
We hardly can subsist.

Sophia. In you alone sir
I haue all abundance.

Mathias. For my minds content
In your owne language I could answer you :
You haue beene an obedient wife, a right one;
And to my power, though short of your desert
I haue beene euer an indulgent husband.
We haue long inioyd the sweets of loue, and though
Not to satisfie, or lothing, yet
We must not liue such dotardes on our pleasures
As still to hugge them to the certaine losse
Of profit, and preferment, competent meanes
Maintaines aquiet bed, want breeds dissention
Euen in good women.

Sophia. Haue you found in me sir
Any distast, or signe of discontent
For want of whats superfluous ?

Mathias. No *Sophia.*

Nor shalt thou euer haue cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodnes if heauen blesse
My honest vndertakings; tis for thee
That I turne souldier, and put forth, decreest,
Vpon this sea of action as a factor
To trade for rich materials to adorne
Thy noble parts, and show'em in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies lesse in beauty
And outward forme, but in the harmonic
Of the soules rauishing musick^e the same age
Not to be nam'd with thee, should so out shine thee
In iewels, and variety of wardrobes,

While

The Picture.

While you (to whose sweet innocense both Indies
Compar'd are of no value) wanting these
Passe vnregarded.

Sophia. If I am so rich
In your opinion, why should you borrow
Additions for me?

Mathias. Why? I should be censur'd
Of ignorance possessing such a lewell
About all price, if I forbear to giue it
The best of ornaments. Therefore *Sophia*
In few words know my pleasure and obey me,
As you haue euer done: to your discretion,
I leaue the gouernment of my family
And our poore fortunes, and from these command
Obedience to you as to my selfe,
To the vtmost of what's mine liue plentifully,
And ere the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword I hope I shall reape for you
A harvest in such full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.

Sophia. Since you are not
To be diuerted Sir from what you purpose
All arguments to stay you heere are vselesse.
Goe when you please Sir, Eyes I charge you waste not
One drop of sorrow, looke you hoord all vp
Till in my widdowed bed I call vpon you,
But then be sure you faile not. You blest Angels
Guardians of humane life, I at this instant
Forbear t'inuoke you, at our parting 'twere
To personate deuotion. My soule
Shall goe along with you, and when you are
Circl'd with death and horrour, seeke and finde you:
And then I will not leaue a Saint vnus'd to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will doe in your absence, would shew poorely,
My actions shall speake me, 'twere to doubt you

The Picture.

To begge I may heere from you, where you are,
You cannot line obscure nor shall one post
By night, or day passe vnexamin'd by me.
If I dwell long vpon your lips, consider
After this fealt the griping fast that followes
And it will be excusable, pray turne from mee.
All that I can is spoken.

Exit Sophia.

Mathias. Follow your mistresse.

Forbeare your wishes for me, let mee finde'em
At my returne in your prompt will to serue her.

Hilario. For my part sir I will grow leane with study
To make her merry.

Corisca. Though you are my Lord,
Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place
I may take my leaue, your hand or if you please
To haue neight so high, ile not be coy
But stande a tiptoe for't;

Mathias. O farewell gyrl.

Hilario. A kisse well begg'd *Corisca,*

Corisca. Twas my fee,
Loue how he melts! I cannot blame my ladies
Vnwillingnesse to part with such marmulade lips.
There will be scrambling for'em in the campe,
And were it not for my honesty I could wish now
I were his leager landresse I would finde
Sope of mine owne, enough to wash his linnen
Or I would straine hard for't

Hilario. How the mammet'twitters!
Come, come my ladie staies for vs.

Corisca. Would I had beene
Her ladi'ship the last night.

Hilario. Noe more of that wench.

Exunt Hilario.

Mathias. I am strangely troubled: yet why I should nourish
A furie heere, and with imagind foode.
Hauing no reall grounds on which to raise,
A buildings of suspicion, she was euer;

Or

The Picture.

Or can be false heereafter; I in this
But foolishly inquire the knowledge of
A future sorrow, which if I find out,
My present ignorance were a cheape purchase
Though with my losse of beeing, I haue already
Dealt with a friend of mine, a generall scholler
One deeply read in natures hidden secrets,
And though with much vnwillingnesse haue wone him
To doe asmuch as Art can to resolue me
My fate that followes, to my wish, Hee's come.
Iulio Baptista, now I may asirme
Your promise, and performance walke together.
And therefore without circumstance to the point,
Instruct me what I am.

Enter
Baptista.

Baptista. I could wish you had
Made triall of my loue some other way.

Mathias. Nay this is from the purpose.

Baptista. If you can,
Proportion your desire to any meane
I do pronounce you happy, I haue found
By certaine rules of Art your matchlesse wife
Is to this present hower from all pollution
Free and vntainted.

Mathias. Good.

Baptista. In reason therefore
You should fixe heere, and make no farther serach
Of what may fall heereafter.

Mathias. O *Baptista*

Tis not in me to master so my passions,
I must know farther, or you haue made good
But halfe your promise. while my loue stood by,
Holding her vpright, and my presence was
A watch vpon her; her desires being met to
with equall ardor from me; what one proofe
Could she giue of her constancy being vntempted?
But when I am absent, and my comming backe

The Picture.

Vncertaine, and those wanton heates in women
Not to be quench'd by lawfull meanes, and shee
The absolute disposer of her selfe,
Without, controule, or curbe, may more invited
By opportunity and all strong temptations,
If then she hold out.

Baptista. As no doubt she will,

Mathias. Those doubts must be made certainties *Baptista*
By your assurance, or your boasted Art
Deserues no admiration; how you trifle
And play with my affliction? I am on
The wracke till you confirme mee.

Baptista. Sure *Mathias.*

I am no God, nor can I diue into
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are
That is deni'd to art, and kept conceald
enen from the diuels themselues: they can but gesse
Out of long obseruation what is likely,
But positiuely to foretell that this shall be
You may conclude impossible; all I can
I will doe for you, when you are distant from her
A thousand leauges, as if you then were with her,
You shall know truly when she is solicited,
And how far wrought on.

Mathias. I desire no more.

Baptista. Take then this little modell of *Sophia*
With more then humane skill limde to the life *Limn'd*
Each line, and lenament of it in the drawing *Lineament*
Soe punctually obserued that had it motion
In so much'twere her selfe.

Mathias. It is indeede
An admirable peece, but if it haue not
Some hidden vertue that I cannot gesse at
In what can it aduantage me?

Baptista. He instruct you,
Carry it still about you and as oft

The Picture.

As you desire to know how shee's affected
With curious eyes peruse it while it keeps
The figure it now has intire, and perfit;
She is not onely innocent in fact
But vnattempted:but if once it varie
From the true forme, and what's now white, and red
Incline to yellow,rest most confident
Shees with all violence courted but vnconquerd.
But if it turne all blacke 'tis an assurance
The fort by composition, or surprize
Is forc'd,or with her free consent surrenderd.

Mathias. How much you haue ingag'd me for this fauour,
The seruice of my whole life shall make good

Baptista. We will not part so, Ile along with you,
And it is needfull with the rising Sun
The armies meete,yet ere the fight begun
In spite of oposition I will place you
In the head of the Hungarian Generals troope
And nere his person.

Mathias. As my better Angel
You shall direct and guide mee.

Baptista. As we ride
Ile tell you more.

Mathias. In all things Ile obey you.

Exeui

Actus primi scana secunda,

Enter Vbaldo, Ricardo.

Ricardo. When came the post?

Vbaldo. The last night.

Ricardo. From the campe?

Vbaldo. Yes as 'tis said, and the letter writ and signd
By the generall *Ferdinand*

Ricardo. Nay then sans question
It is of moment.

Vbaldo,

Vbaldo. It concernes the liues
Of two great armies,

Ricardo. Was it cherfully
Receiued by the King?

Vbaldo. Yes, for being assured
The armies were in view of one another
Hauing proclaimed a publicke fast, and prayer
For the good successe, dispatch'd a gentleman
Of his priuy chamber to the generall
With absolute authority from him
To trie the fortune of a day.

Ricardo. No doubt then
The Generall will come on and fight it brauely,
Heauen Prosper him, this militarie art
I grant to be the noblest of professions
And yet I thanke my stars for't I was neuer
Inclin'd to learne it, since this bubble honour,
(Which is indeede the nothing souldiers fight for
With the losse of limbes, or life) is in my iudgement
Too deare a purchase.

Vbaldo. Giue me our Court-warfare,
The danger is not great in the encounter
Of a faire Mistresse.

Ricardo. Faire and sound together
Doe very well *Vbaldo.* But such are
With difficulty to be found out, and when they know
Their valúe prizde too high. By thy owne report
Thou wast at twelue a gamester, and since that
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader
I'the streete with certaine danger to thy pocket,
To the great Lady in her Cabinet,
That spent vpon thee more in cullises
To strengthen thy weake backe, then would maintaine
Twelue Flanders mares, and as many running horses:
Besides Apothecaries and Chirurgeons bills
Payd vpon all occasions, and those frequent.

Vbaldo.

The Picture.

Ubaldo. You talke *Ricardo*, as if yet you were
A nouice in those misteries.

Ricardo. By no meanes,
My Doctor can assure the contrary,
I loose no time. I haue felt the paine and pleasure
As he that is a gamester, and playes often
Must sometimes be a looser.

Ubaldo. Wherefore then
Doe you enuy me?

Ricardo. It growes not from my want,
Nor thy abundance, but being as I am
The likelier man, and of much more experience,
My good parts, are my curfies, there's no beauty
But yeeldes ere it be summon'd, and as nature
Had sign'd me the monopolie of maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I haue made my market,
Satiety cloyes me, as I liue I would part with
Halfe my estate, nay trauaile ore the world
To finde that onely Phænix in my search
That could hold out against me.

Ubaldo. Be not rapp'd so:
You may spare that labour, as she is a woman
What thinke you of the Queene?

Ricardo. I dare no taime at
The petticoateroyall, that is still excepted:
Yet were she not my Kings, being the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,
To write her in my catalogue, hauing inioy'd her
I would venter my necke to a halter, but we talke of
Impossibilities; as she hath a beauty
Would make old *Nestor* young, such maiesty
Drawes foorth a sword of terrour to defend it,
As would fright *Paris*, though the Queene of loue
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

Ubaldo. Haue you obseru'd
The grauity of her language mix'd with sweetnesse?

The Picture.

Ricardo. Then at what distance she reserves her selfe
When the King himselfe makes his approaches to her,

Ubaldo. As she were still a virgine, and his life
But one continued wooing.

Ricardo. She well knowes
Her worth, and values it.

Ubaldo. And so farre the King is
Indulgent to her humors, that he forbears
The ducty of a husband, but when she calles for't.

Ricardo. All his imaginations and thoughts
Are buried in her, the lowd noyse of warre
Cannot awake him.

Ubaldo. At this very instant.
When both his life and Crowne are at the stake,
He onely studies her content, and when
She's pleas'd to shew her selfe, musicke and masques
Are with all care and cost prouided for her.

Ricardo. This night she promis'd to appeare.

Ubaldo. You may beleeuie it by the diligence of the King
As if he were her harbinger.

*Enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, and attendants
with perfumes.*

Ladislaus. These roomes
Are not perfum'd as we directed.

Eubulus. Not Sir,
I know not what you would haue, I am sure the smoke
Cost treble the price of the whole weekes prouision
Spent in your Maiesties kitchins.

Ladislaus. How! I scorne
Thy grosse comparison. When my *Honorie*
Th'amazement of the present time, and enuy
Of all succeeding ages does descend
To sanctifie a place, and in her presence
Makes it a Temple to me, can I be

The Picture.

Too curious, much lesse prodigall to receiue her?
But that the splendour of her beames of beauty
Hath strucke thee blinde?

Eubulus. As dotage hath done you.

Ladislaus. Dotage, O blasphemy! is it in me
To serue her to her merit? is she not
The daughter of a King?

Eubulus. And you the sonne
Of ours I take it, by what priuiledge else
Doe you reigne ouer vs? for my part I know not
Where the dispairity lyes.

Ladislaus. Her birth old man,
Old in the Kingdomes seruice which protects thee,
Is the least grace in her: and though her beauties
Might make the thunderer a riual for her,
They are but superficial ornaments
And faintly speake her, from her heauenly mind
Were all antiquity and fiction lost
Our moderne Poets could not in their fancie
But fashion a *Minerna* faire transcending
Th'imagin'd one, whom *Homer* onely dreamt of,
But then adde this, she's mine, mine *Eubulus.*
And though she know one glance from her faire eyes
Must make all gazers her idolaters,
Shee is so sparing of their influence
That to shun superstition in others,
Shee shootes her powerfull beames onely at me.
And can I then, whom she desires to hold
Her Kingly captiue about all the world,
Whose Nations and Empires if she pleas'd
Shee might command as slaues, but gladly pay
The humble tribute of my loue and seruice,
Nay if I sayd of adoration to her
I did not erre?

Eubulus. Well, since you hugge your fetters
In loues name weare'em. You are a King, and that

The Picture.

Concludes you wife. Your will a powerfull reason,
Which we that are foolish Subjects must not argue.
And what in a meane man I should call folly,
Is in your Maiesty remarkable wisdom.
But for me I subscribe.

Ladislaws. Doe, and looke vp:
Vpon this wonder.

*Lowd musicke, Honoria in state under a Canopy, her
traine borne up by Siluia and Acanthe.*

Ricardo. Wonder? it is more Sir.

Vbaldo. A rapture, an astonishment.

Ricardo. What thinke you Sir?

Enbulus. As the King thinks, that is the surest guard
We Courtiers euer lie at. Was Prince euer
So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:
But yet to admiration looke not on her.
Heauen how he fawnes; and as it were his duty;
With what assured grauity she receiues it!
Her hand againe! O she at length vouchsafes.
Her Lip, and as he had suck'd Nectar from it
How he's exalted! Women in their natures
Affect command, but this humility
In a husband and a King markes her the way.
To absolute tyranie. So, *Iuno's* plac'd
In *Ioues* Tribunall, and like *Mercurie*
Forgetting his owne greatnesse, he attends
For her employments. She prepares to speake,
What Oracles shall we heare now?

Honoria. That you please Sir,
With such assurances of loue and fauour,
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours Sir,
A matchlesse Queene, and one that knowes her selfe so,
Bindes me in retribution to deserue

The Picture.

The grace conferd vpon me.

Ladislaus. You transcend

In all things excellent, and it is my glory,
Your worth weigh'd truly to depose my selfe
From absolute command, surrendering vp
My will and faculties to your disposeure:
And heere I vow, not for a day or yeere,
But my whole life, which I wish long to serue you:
That wharsoeuer I in iustice may
Exact from these my subiects, you from me
May boldly challenge. And when you require it,
In signe of my subiection, as your vassall,
Thus I will pay my homage.

Honorio. O forbear Sir,

Let not my Lips enuie my Robe: on them
Print your alegiance often. I desire
No other fealtie.

Ladislaus. Gracious Soueraigne,
Boundlesse in bounty!

Embulus. Is not heere fine fooling?

He's questionlesse bewitch'd. would I were gelt
So that would disenchant him. Though I forfeit
My life for it I must speake. By your good leaue sir,
I haue no sute to you, nor can you grant one
Hauing no Power. You are like me a subiect.
Her more then serene Maiesty being present.
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,
Hauing depos'd your selfe to keepe your hat on,
And not stand bare as we doe, being no King,
But a fellow subiect with vs. Gentlemen vs. shers
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd,
He has giuen away his Crowne, and cannot challenge
The priuiledge of his bonnet.

Ladislaus. Doe no tempt me.

Embulus. Tempt you, in what? in following your example
If you are angry question me heereafter,

The Picture.

As Ladislaus should do *Eubulus*
On equall termes, you were of late my soueraigne
But weary of it, I now bend my knee
To her diuinity, and desire a boone
From her more then magnificence.

Honoriam. Take it freely.

Nay be not mou'd, for our mirth sake let vs heare him,
Eubulus, 'Tis but to aske a question, haue you ne're read
The story of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*?

Honoriam. Not as I remember.

Eubulus. I will then instruct you,
And tis to the purpose, this *Ninus* was a King,
And such an impotent louing King as this was
But now hee's none, this *Ninus* (pray you obserue me)
Doted on this *Semiramis*, a smiths wife,
(I must confesse there the comparifon holdes not,
You are a Kings daughter, yet vnder your correction
Like her a woman) this *Assirian monarch*
(Of whom this is a patterne) to expresse
His loue, and seruice, seated her as you are,
In his regall throne, and bound by oth his Nobles
For getting all alleageance to him selfe
One day to be her subiects, and to put
In execution what euer shee
Pleas'd to impose vpon 'em, pray you command him
To minister the like to vs and then
You shall heare what follow'd.

Ladislaus. Well sir to your story.

Eubulus. You haue no warrant, stand by, Let me know
Your pleasure Goddesse.

Honoriam. Let this nod assure you.

Eubulus. Goddesse like indeede, as I liue a pretty Idoll,
She knowing her power wisely made vse of it
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance
Of what he had granted (as in reason Madam,
You may doe his) that hee might neuer haue

The Picture.

Power to recall his grant, or question her
For her short government, instantly gaue order
To haue his head strucke off.

Ladislaus. 'Tis possible?

Eubulus. The story sayes so and commends her wisdom
For making vse of her authority :
And it is worth your imitation Madam,
He loues subiection, and you are no Queene
Vnlesse you make him feele the waight of it.
You are more then all the world to him, and that,
He may be foe to you, and not seeke change,
When his delights are sated, mew him vp
In some close prison, if you let him liue
(Which is no policy) and there dyet him,
As you thinke fit to feede your appetite
Since there ends his ambition.

Ubaldo. Diuelish counsaile.

Ricardo. The King's amaz'd.

Ubaldo. The Queene appeares too full
Of deepe imaginations, *Eubulus*
Hath put both to it.

Ricardo. Now she seemes resolu'd
I long to know the issue.

Honoriam descends.

Honoriam. Giue me leaue,
Deare sir to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old man out of enuy
Of your vnequal'd graces showr'd vpon me,
Hath in his fabulous story sawcily
Applide to me, sir that you onely nourish
One doubt *Honoriam* dares abuse the power
With which shee is inuested by your fauour,
Or that she euer can make vse of it
To the iniury of you the great bestower,
Takes from your iudgement, it was your delight
To seeke to me with more obsequiousnesse,

Then

The Picture.

Then I desir'd. And stood it with my duty
Not to receiue what you were pleas'd to offer?
I doe but act the Part you put vpon me,
And though you make me Personate a *Queene*,
And you my subiect, when the play your pleasure
Is at a period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,
And you my royall Soueraigne.

Ricardo. Admirable!

Honorica. I haue heard of Captains taken more with dangers
Then the rewards, and if in your approches
To those delights which are your owne, and freely
To heighten your desire, you make the passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you?
Or blame your fondnesse? Or can that swell me
Beyond my iust proportion?

Ubaldo. Aboue wonder!

Ladisluss. Heauen make me thankfull for such goodnesse.

Honorica. Now Sir,
The state I tooke to satisfie your pleasure
I change to this humility, and the oath
You made to me of homage, I thus cancell,
And seate you in your owne.

Ladisluss. I am transported
Beyond my selfe.

Honorica. And now to your wife Lordship,
Am I prou'd a *Semiramis*? or hath
My *Ninus*, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent th'excelsse of fauour to me,
Which you call dotage?

Ladisluss. Answer wretch.

Embulus. I dare Sir,
And say how euer the euent may pleade
In your defence, you had a guilty cause;
Nor was it wisdome in you (I repeate it)
To teach a Lady, humble in her selfe

With

The Picture.

With the ridiculous dotage of a louer
To be ambitious.

Honoriam. *Eubulus*, I am so,
Tis rooted in me, you mistake my temper.
I do professe my selfe to be the most
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hould
Command ouer my Lord, such a proud, torrent
Would sincke me in my wishes; not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserue
And may with iustice challenge.

Eubulus. This I look'd for;
After this seeming humble ebbe I knew
A gushing tide would follow.

Honoriam. By my birth,
And liberall giftes of nature, as of fortune,
From you, as things beneath me, I expect
What's due to maiesty, in which I am
A sharer with your soueraigne.

Eubulus. Good againe!

Honoriam. And as I am most eminent in place,
In all my actions I would appeere so.

Ladislaus. You need not feare a riuall.

Honoriam. I hope not;
And till I finde one, I disdain to know
What enuie is.

Ladislaus. You are about it Madam.

Honoriam. For beauty without art, discourse, and free
From affectation, with what graces else
Can in the wife and daughter of a King
Be wish'd, I dare prefer my selfe.

Eubulus. As I
Blush for you lady, trumpet your owne prayes?
This spoken by the people had beene heard
With honour to you; does the court afford
Nooye-tongu'd parasite, that you are forc'd
To be your owne grosse flatterer?

The Picture.

Ladislaus. Bee dumbe,
Thou spirit of contradiction.

Honorio. The wolfe
But barks against the Moone, and I contemne it.
The masque you promis'd.

A horne. Enter a Post.

Ladislaus. Let 'em enter. How!

Eubulus. Heere's one, I feare vnlook'd for.

Ladislaus. From the Campe?

Post. The Generall victorious in your fortune,
Kisses your hand in this Sir.

Ladislaus. That great Power,
Who at his pleasure does dispose of battailes,
Be euer prais'd for't. Read sweet, and pertake it:
The *Turke* is vanquish'd, and with little losse
Vpon our part, in which our ioy is doubl'd.

Eubulus. But let it not exalt you, beare it Sir
With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

Ladislaus. I vnderstand thee *Eubulus.* Ile not now
Enquire particulars. Our delights deferr'd,
With reuerence to the Temples, there wee'l tender
Our Soules deuotions to his dread might,
Who edg'd our swords, and taught vs how to fight.

Exeunt omnes.

The end of the first Act.

Actus

The Picture.

Actus secundi, Scena prima.

Enter Hilario, Corisca.

Hilario.

You like my speech?

Corisca. Yes, if you giue it action
In the deliuerie.

Hilario. If? I pittie you.

I haue plaide the foole before, this is not the first time,
Nor shall be I hope the last.

Corisca. Nay I thinke so to.

Hila. And if I put her not out of her dumps with laughter,
Ile make her howle for anger.

Corisca. Not too much

Of that good fellow *Hilario*. Our sad Lady
Hath dranke too often of that bitter cup,
A pleasant one must restore her. With what patience
Would she indure to heare of the death of my Lord,
That meerey out of doubt he may miscary
Afflicts her selfe thus?

Hilario. Vm, 'tis a question

A widdow onely can resolue. There be some
That in their husbands sicknesse haue wep'd
Their pottle of teares a day: but being once certaine
At midnight he was dead, haue in the morning
Dri'd vp their handkerchers, and thought no more on't.

Corisca. Tush, shee is none of that race, if her sorrow
Be not true and perfit, I against my sex
Will take my oath woman nere wep'd in earnest.
She has made her selfe a prisoner to her chamber,
Darke as a dungeon, in which no beame
Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;
Eates little, and her nightly musicke is
Of sighes and groanes tun'd to such harmonic.

The Picture.

Of feeling grieffe, that I against my nature
Am made one of the consort. This houre onely
She takes the aire, a custome euery day
She sollemnly obserues, with greedy hopes
From some that passe by to receiue assurance
Of the successe, and safety of her Lord :
Now if that your deuice will take

Hilario. Nere feare it :

I am prouided cap a pe, and haue

My properties inreadinesse.

Sophia within. Bring my vaile there.

Corisca. Be gone, I heare her comming.

Hilario. If I do not

Appere, and what's more, appere perfit, hisse me.

Exit Hilario.

Enter Sophia.

Sophia. I was flatter'd once I was a Star; but now
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and like one
Hang in the aire betweene my hopes, and feares,
And euery howre the little stufte burnt out
That yeelds a waning light to dying comfort,
I doe expect my fall and certaine ruine.
In wretched things more wretched is delay,
And hope a parasite to me, being vnmasqu'd
Appeares more horrid then despaire, and my
Distraction worse then madnesse : eu'n my prayers
When with most zeale sent vpward, are pull'd downe,
With strong imaginary doubts and feares,
And in their suddaine precipice orewhelme me.
Dreames, and phantastick evisions walke the round
About my widdowed bed, and euery slumber
Broken with lowd alarms : can these be then
But sad presages girle ?

Corisca. You mak 'em so,

And antedate a losse shall ne're fall on you.

Such pure affection, such mutuall loue,

The Picture.

A bed, and vndefil'd on either part,
A house without contention, in two bodies
One will, and Soule like to the rod of concord,
Kissing each other, cannot be short liu'd
Or end in barrenesse: if all these deare Madam
(Sweet in your sadnesse) should produce no fruite,
Or leaue the age no models of your selues,
To witnesse to posterity what you were
Succeeding times frighted with the example
But hearing of your story, would instruct
Their fairest issue to meete sensually,
Like other creatures, and forbear to raise
True loue, or *Himen* Altars.

Sophia. O *Corisca*,

I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes,
And they are built vpon a weake foundation,
To raise me comfort. Ten long dayes are past,
Ten long dayes my *Corisca*, since my Lord
Embarqu'd himselfe vpon a Sea of danger,
In his deare care of me. And if his life
Had not beene shipwrack'd on the rocke of war,
Histenderesse of me (knowing how much
I languish for his absence) had prouided
Some trusty friend from whom I might receiue
Assurance of his safety.

Corisca. Ill newes Madam,

Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on crutches:
With patience expect it, and ere long
No doubt you shall heare from him.

A fowgelders horne blowne. APost.

Sophia. Ha! What's that?

Corisca. The foole has got a fowgelders horne
As I take it Madam.

Sophia. It makes this way still,
Neerer and neerer:

Corisca. From the Campe I hope.

The Picture.

Enter Hilario, with a long white hayre and beard, in an anticke armour, one with a horne before him.

Sophia. The messenger appeares, and in strange armour.
Heauen if it be thy will!

Hilario. It is no boote
To strine, our horses tir'd let's walke on foot,
And that the Castle which is very neere vs,
To giue vs entertainment may soone heare vs,
Blow lustily my Lad, and drawing nigh a,
Aske for a Lady which is clep'd *Sophia*.

Corisca. He names you Madam.

Hilario. For to her I bring,
Thus clad in in armes, newes of a pretty thing,
By name *Mathias*.

Sophia. From my Lord? O Sir,
I am *Sophia*, that *Mathias* wife.
So may *Mars* fauour you in all your battailes,
As you with speede vnloade me of the burthen
I labour vnder, till I am confirm'd
Both where, and how you left him.

Hilario. If thou art
As I beleue, the pigs-ney of his heart,
Kuow hee's in health, and what's more full of glee,
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Sophia. Haue you no letters from him?

Hilario. No more words.

In the Campe we vse no pens, but write with swords:
Yet as I am inioyn'd, by word of mouth
I will proclaime his deeds from North to South.
But tremble not while I relate the wonder,
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my voyce thunder.

Sophia. This is some counterfeit bragat.

Corisca. Heare him Madam.

Hila. The Reere march'd first, which follow'd by the Van,
And wing'd with the Battalia, no man

The Picture.

Durst stay to shift a shirt or louze himselfe;
Yet ere the armies ioynd, that hopefull else,
Thy deere my dainty duckling, bold *Marthias*
Aduanc'd, and star'd like *Hercules* or *Golias*.
A hundred thousand *Turkes*, it is no vaunt,
Assail'd him, euery one a Termagaunt,
But what did he then? with his keene edge speare
He cut, and Carbonadode 'em, heere, and there,
Lay leggs and armes, and as 'tis sayd truely
Of *Benis*, some he quarter'd all in three.

Sophia. This is ridiculous.

Hilario. I must take breath

Then like a Nightingale i'le sing his death;

Sophia. His death?

Hilario. I am out.

Corisca. Recouer dunder-head.

Hilario. How he escap'd I should haue sung, not dide
For, though a knight, when I said so I lide
Weary he was, and scarce could stand vpright
And looking round for some couragious Knight
To reskue him, as one perplex'd in woe
He cald to me, helpe, helpe *Hilario*,
My valiant seruant helpe.

Corisca. He has spoyld all.

Sophia. Are you the man of armes then? ile make bold
To take of your martiall beard, you had fooles hayre
Enough without it. Slaue, how durst thou make
Thy sport of what concernes me more then life,
In such an anticke fashion? am I growne
Contemptible to those I feed? you mignion
Had a hand in it to, as it appeares,
Your petticote serues for bases to this warrior.

Corisca. We did it for your mirth.

Hilario. For my selfe I hope,
I haue spokelike a souldier.

Sophia. Hence you rascal.

The Picture.

I neuer but with reuerence name my Lord
And can I heere it by thy tongue prophain'd
And not correct thy folly? but you are
Transform'd, and turnd Knight terrant, take your course
And wander where you please, for heere I vow
By my Lords life (an oath I will not breake)
Till his returne, or certainty of his safety,
My doores are shut against thee.

Exit Sophia.

Corisca. You haue made
A fine peece of worke on't: how do you like the quality?
You had a foolish itch to be an actor,
And may strowle where you please.

Hilario. Will you buy my share?

Corisca. No certainly, I feare I haue already
Too much of mine owne, I'le onely as a damsell
(As the bookes say) thus far helpe to disarme you,
And so deere *Don Quixote* taking my leaue,
I leaue you to your fortune.

Exit Corisca.

Hilario. Haue I sweate
My braines out for this quaint and rare inuention,
And am I thus rewarded? I could turne?
Tragœdian, and rore now, but that I feare
'Twould get me too great a stomacke hauing no meat
To pacifie *Colon*, what will become of me?
I cannot begge in armor, and steale I dare not:
My end must bee to stand in a corne feild
And fright away the crows for bread, and cheefe,
Or finde some hollow tree in the high way,
And there vntill my Lord returne sell switches
No more *Hilario*, but *Dolorio* now.
He weepe my eyes out, and bee blind of purpose
To moue compassion, and so I vanish,

Exit Hilario.

The Picture.

Actus secundi Scena secunda.

Enter Eubulus, Vbaldo, Ricardo, and others.

Eubulus. Are the gentlemen sent before as it was order'd
By the Kings direction to entertaine
The Generall?

Ricardo. Long since, they by this haue met him,
And giu'n him the beinvenue.

Eubulus. I hope I neede not
Instruct you in your parts.

Vbaldo. How! vs my Lord!
Feare not, we know our distances and degrees
To the very inch where we are to salute him.

Ricardo. The state were miserable if the Court had none
Of her owne breede, familiar with all garbes.
Gracious in *England, Italie, Spaine or France,*
With forme, and punctuallity to receiue
Sranger *Embassadours.* For the Generall
Hee's a meere natiue, and it matters not
Which way we doe accost him.

Vbaldo. 'Tis great pittie
That such as sit at the helme prouide no better
For the tiraning vp of the Gentry. In my iudgement
Aⁿ Academie erected, with large pensions
Tis such as in a table could set downe
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,
Proper to euery Nation.

Ricardo. Oit were
An admirable piece of worke!

Vbaldo. And yet rich fooles
Throw away their charity on Hospitals
For beggers, and lame souldiers, and nere study
The due regard to complement and court-ship,
Matters of more import, and are indeed
The glories of a Monarchie.

The Picture.

Eubulus. These no doubt
Are state, points, gallants, I confesse, but sure,
Our court needs no aydes this way, since it is
A schoole of nothing else: there are some of you
Whom I forbear to name, whose coyning heads
Are the mints of all new fashions, that haue donne
More hurt to the Kingdome by superfluous brauerie
Which the foolish gentry imitate then a war
Or a long famine, all the treasure by
This foule excesse, is got into the marchants,
Embroiderers, silkemans, Jewellers, Taylors hand,
And the third part of the land to, the nobility
Ingrossing titles onely.

Ricardo. My lord you are bitter.

Enter a seruant.

a trumpet,

Ser. the Generall is alighted, and now entred.

Ricardo. Were he ten Generals I am prepar'd
And know what I will doe.

Eubulus. Pray you what *Ricardo*?

Ricardo. Ile fight at complement with him.

Ubaldo. Ile charge home to.

Eubulus. And thats a desperate seruice if you come off well.

Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptista, two captaines.

Ferdinand. Captaine command the officers to keepe
The souldier as he march'd in ranke and file
Till they heare farther from me.

Eubulus. Heer's one speakes
In another keye, this is no canting language
Taught in your Academie.

Ferdinand. Nay I will present you
To the King my selfe.

Mathias. A grace beyond my merit,

Ferdinand. You vnderua'ew what I cannot see
Too high a price on,

Eubulus. With a friends true heart
I gratulate your returne.

Ferdinando.

The Picture.

Ferdinando: Next to the fauour
Of the great King I am happy in your friendship:

Ubaldo. By courtship, course on both sides,

Ferdinando. pray you receiue
This stranger to your knowledge, on my credit
At all parts hee deserues it.

Eubulus. Your report
Is a strong assurance to mee, sir most welcome

Mathias. This sayd by you, the reuerence of your age
Commands mee to beleuee it.

Ricardo. this was pretty.
But second mee now, I cannot stoope too lowe
To doe your excellence that due obseruance
Your fortune claimes.

Eubulus. Hee nere thinks on his vertue.

Ricardo. For beeing, as you are, the soule of souldiers,
And bulwarke of Bellona,

Ubaldo. The protection
Both of the court and King.

Ricardo. and the sole mignon
Of mighty Mars

Ubaldo. One that with iustice may
Increase the number of the worthies.

Eubulus. hoye day.

Ricardo. It beeing impossible in my armes to circle
Such giant worth.

Ubaldo. At distance wee presume
To kisse your honored gauntlet.

Eubulus. What replie now
Can he make to this sopperie?

Ferdinand. You haue sayd
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done soe little,
That 'till I learne to speake, and you to doe
I must take time to thanke you.

Eubulus. As I liue
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now!

The Picture.

Ricardo. This was harsh, and scurvie.

Vbaldo. We will be reueng'd

When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at him.

Eubulus. Nay doe your offices gentlemen, and conduct
The Generall to the presence.

Ricardo. Keepe your order.

Vbaldo. Make way for the Generall.

Exeunt omnes prater Eubulum.

Eubulus. What wise man

That with iudicious eyes lookes one a souldier

But must confesse that fortunes swinge is more

Ore that profession, then all kinds else

Of life pursu'd by man, they in a state

Are but as chirurgions to wounded men

Euendesperate in their hopes, while paine and anguisha

Make them blaspheme, and call in vaine for death;

Their wiues and children kisse the chirurgions knees

Promise him mountaines, if his saning hand

Restore the tortur'd wretch to former strength.

But when grimme death by *Aesculapius* art

Is frighted from the house, and health appears

In sanguin colou s on the sicke mans face,

All is forgot, and asking his reward

Hee's payd with curses, often receaues wounds

From him whose woundes hee curde, so souldiers

Though of more worth and vse, meete the same fate;

As it is too apparent. I haue obseru'd

In one hue.

When horrid Mars the touch of whose rough hand

With Palsies shakes a kingdome, hath put on

His dreadfull Helmet, and with terror fills

The place where helike an vnwelcome guest

Resolue to reuell, how the Lords of her, like

The tradesman, marchant, and litigious pleader

(And such like *Scarabes* bred'ith dung of peace)

In hope of their protection humbly offer

Their

The Picture.

Their daughters to their beds, heyres to their seruice,
And wash with teares, their sweate their dust, their scars,
But when those clouds of war that menaced
A bloody deluge to th' affrighted state,
Are by their breath dispers'd, and ouer blowne,
And famine, bloud, and death Bellona's pages
Whip'd from the quiet continent to Thrace
Souldiers, that like the foolish hedge sparrow
To their owne ruine hatch this Cucckow peace,
Are straight thought burdensome, Since want of meanes
Growing from want of action breeds contempt,
And that the worst of ills fall to their lot
Their seruice with the danger soone forgot.

Enter a seruant.

Ser. The Queene, my Lord, hath made choyce of this roome
To see the masque.

Exbulus. Ile be looker on
My dancing dayes are past.

*Loud musicke as they passe, a song in the praise of war, Vbaldo,
Ricardo, Ladislaus. Ferdin. and Honoriu, Mathias,
Silua, Acantbe, Baptista, and others.*

Ladislaus. This courtesie
To a stranger My *Honoriu*, keepe faire ranke
With all your rarities, after your trauaile
Looke on our court delights; but first from your
Relation, with erected eares i'll heare
The musicke of your war which must be sweet
Ending in victory.

Ferdinand. Not to trouble
Your maiesties with description of a battaile
To full of horror for the place, and to
Avoyd perticulars which I should deliuer
I must trench longer on your pacience then
My manner will giue way to, in a word sir

The Picture.

It was well fought on both sides, and almost
With equall fortune, it continuin^g doubtfull
Vpon whose tents plum'd victory would take
Her glorious stands, impatient of delay
With the flower of our prime gentlemen I charg'd
Their maine Bactalia, and with their assistance
Brake in, but when I was almost tassar'd
That they were routed, by a *Stratagem*
Of the subtill *Turke*, who opening his grosse body,
And ralyng vp his troopes on either side,
I found my selfe so far engag'd (for I
Must not conceale my errors) that I knew not
Which way with honor to come off.

Eubulus. I like

A Generall that tells his faults, and is not
Ambitious to ingrosse vnto himselfe
All honour as some haue, in which with iustice
They could not claime a share.

Ferdinand. Being thus hem'd in
Their Cimitars rag'd among vs, and my horse
Kil'd vnder me, I euery minute look'd for
An honourable end, and that was all
My hope could fashion to me, circ'd thus
With death and horror, as one sent from heauen
This man of men with some choise horse that foiled
His braue exam'ple, did pursue the tract
His sword cut for'em, and but that I see him,
Already blush to heare what he being present,
I know would wish vnspoken, I should say sir
By what hee did, we bouldly may beleeeue
All that is writ of *Hector*.

Mathias. Generall

Pray spare these strange Hyperboles.

Eubulus. Do not blush

To heare a truth, heere are a payre of *Monfieurs*
Had they beene in your place would haue run away

The Picture.

And nere chang'd countenance.

Fbaldo. We haue your good word still.

Eubulus. And shall while you deserue it.

Ladislaus. Silence, on.

Ferdinand. He as I sayd, like dreadfull lightning throwne
From Iupiters shield disperfd the armed Gire
With which I was enuiron'd horse and man,
Shruncke vnder his strong arme more with his looks
Frighted, the valiant fled with which encourag'd
My souldiers (like young Eglets praying vnder
The wings of their fierce dame) as if from him
They tooke both spirit, and fire brauely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inspir'd
With trebble courage, and such as fled before
Bouldly made head againe, and to confirme 'em
It suddainely was apparent, that the fortune
Of the day was ours, each souldier and commander
Perform'd his part, but this was the great wheele
By which the lesser mou'd, and all rewards
And signes of honour, as the *Cinicke* garland,
The murall wreath, the enemies prime horse,
With the Generals sword, and armour (the old honors
With which the Roman crowne their seueral leaders)
To him alone are proper.

Ladislaus. And they shall
Deseruedly fall on him, fit, tis our pleasure,

Ferdinand. Which I must serue, not argue,

Honorio. You are a stranger,
But in your seruice for the King, a natiue.
And though a free Queene, I am bound in duty
To cherish vertue where soere I find it:
This place is yours.

Mathias. It were presumption in me
To sit so neere you.

Honorio. Not hauing our warrant

Ladislaus. Let the masquers enter by the preparation

The Picture.

Tis a French brawle, an apish imitation
Of what you really performe in battaile,
And *Pallas* bound vp in a little volume
Apollo with his lute attending on her
Serue for the induction.

Song and dance :

*Enter the two Boyes, one with his lute, the other like Pallas, A
song in the prayse of souldiers, especially being victo-
rious : the song ended the King goes on.*

Song by *Pallas*.

*Though we contemplate to expresse
The glory of your happinesse,
That by your powerfull arme haue binne
So true a victor, that no sinne
Could euer taint you with a blame
To lessen your deserved fame.*

*Or though we contend to set
Your worth in the full height, or get
Caelestiall singers (crownd with bayes
With flourishes to dresse your praise)
You know your conquest, but your story
Lies in your triumphant glory.*

Ladislaus. Our thanks to all
To the banquet thats prepard to entertaine'em,
What would my best *Honor*ia?

*Honor*ia. May it please
My King that I who by his suffrage euer
Haue had power to command, may now intreat
An honor from him.

Ladislaus. Why should you desire

Wha

The Picture.

What is your owne, what ere it be you are
The mistress of it.

Honorio. I am happy in
Your grant: my sute sir is, that your commanders
Especially this stranger, may as I
In my discretion shall thinke good, receiue
What's due to their deserts.

Ladislaus. What you determine
Shall know no alteration.

Eubulus. The souldier
Is like to haue good vsage when he depends
Vpon her pleasure? are all the men so bad
That to giue satisfaction we must
A woman threasourer, heauen helpe all.

Honorio. With you sir
I will begin, and as in my esteeme
You are most eminent expect to haue,
What's fit for me to giue, and you to take;
The fauour in the quicke dispatch being double
Goe fetch my casket, and with speed.

Eubulus. The Kingdome *Exit Acanthe.*
Is very bare of mony: when rewards
Issue from the Queenes ieuell house, giue him gold
And store, no question the gentleman wants it.
Good Madam what shall he doe with a hoop ring,
And a sparke of diamond in it, though you tooke it

Enter Acanthe.

For the greater honor from your maiesties finger,
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase
Rich suites, the gay comparison of court-shipp,
Reuell, and feast, which the war ended is
A souldiers glory, and tis fit that way
Your bountie should prouide for him

Honorio. You are rude,
And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.
What I will doe now, shall be worth the enuie

The Picture.

Of *Cleopatra* open it, see heere
The *Lapillares* Idol gold is trash
And a poore salarie fit for groomes, weare these
As studded stars in your armour, and make the Sun
Looke dimme with ieaousie of a greater light
Then his beames guild the day with: when it is
Expof'd to view, call it *Honorias* guift,
The Queene *Honorias* guift that loues a soulder,
And to giue ornament, and lustre to him
Parts freely with her owne, yet not to take
From the magnificence of the King, I will
Dispench his bounty to but as a page
To wait on mine, for other tosses take
A hundred thousand crownes, your hand deere sir,
And this shall be thy warrant. *Takes of the Kings signet.*

Eubulus. I perceiue
I was cheated in this woman now she is
I th' giruing veine to souldiers, let her be proud
And the King dote, soe she goe on, I care not
Honorias. This done, our pleasure is that all arrearages
Bepayd into the Captaines, and their troopes
With a large donatiue to increase their Zeale
For the seruice of the kingdome.

Eubulus. Better still,
Let men of armes be vsd thus, if they do not
Charge desperately vpon the Cannons mouth
Though the Diuell ror'd, and fight like dragons, hang me.
Now they may drinke sacke, but small beere, with a passport
To begge with as they trauaile, and no money,
Turnes their red blood to buttermilke.

Honorias. Are you pleas'd sir
With what I haue done?

Ladislans Yes, and thus confirme it,
With this addition of mine owne, you haue sir
From our lou'd Queene receaued some recompence
For your life hazarded in the late action.

The Picture.

And that we may follow her great example
In cherishing valor without limit, aske
What you from vs can wish

Mathias. If it be true,
Dread fir as 'tis affirm'd, that euery soyle
Where he is well, is to a valiant man
His naturall country, reason may assure me
I should fix heere, where blessings beyond hope
From you the spring like riuers flow vnto me.
If wealth were my ambition, by the Queene
I am made rich already, to the amazment
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
The story of her bounty, if to spend
The remnant of my life in deedes of armes
No region is more fertill of good knights
from whom my knowledg that way may be beterd
Then this your warlike Hungary; if fauour,
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant
Far far beyond my merrit, I may make
In yours a free election, but alas fir
I am not mine owne, but by my destiny
(Which I cannot resist) forc'd to prefer
My countries smoke before the glorious fire
With which your bounties warme me all I aske fir
Though I cannot be ignorant it must rellish
Of soule ingritud is your gracious licence
For my departure.

Ladislaus. Whether?

Mathias. To my owne home fir
My owne poore home, which will at my returne
Grow rich by your magnificence, I am heere
But a body without a soule, and till I finde it
In the embraces of my constant wife, & to set of that constancy
in her beauty and matchlesse excellencies without a riuall
I am but halfe my selfe.

Honoris. And is she then
So chaste, and faire as you infer?

The Picture.

Mathias. O Madam

Though it must argue weakenes in a rich man
To show his gold before an armed thiefe,
And I in praying of my wife, but feed,
The fire of lust in others to attempt her,
Such is my full sayld confidence in her vertue
Though in my absence She were now beseeg'd
By a strong army of lasciuious wooers,
And euery one more expert in his art,
Then those that tempted chaste *Penelope*,
Though they raisd batteries by Prodigall guifts,
By admorous letters, vowes made for her seruice
With all the *Engins* wanton appetite
Could mount to shake the fortresse of her honor,
Heere, heere is my assurance she holdes out
kisse the picture.

And is impregnable,

Honorias. What's that?

Mathias. Her faire figure.

Ladislaus. As I liue an excellent face!

Honorias. You haue seene a better.

Ladislaus. I euer except yours, nay frowne not sweetest,
The Cyprian Queene compar'd to you, in my
Opinion is a *Negro*, as you orderd
I'll see the souldier payd, and in my absence
Pray you vse your powerfull arguments to stay
This gentleman in our seruice.

Honorias. I will doe

My parts.

Ladislaus. On to the campe.

Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Baptista, Captaines.

Honorias. I am full of thoughts.

And something there is heere I must giue forme to
Though yet an *Embrion*, you *Signiers*
Hane no businesse with the souldier, as I take it,

You

The Picture.

You are for other warfare, quit the place,
But be within call.

Ricardo. Imployment on my life boy.

Ubaldo. If it lie in our road we are made foreuer..

Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo

Honorio. You may perceiue the King is no way tainted
With the disease of ieaousie, since he leaues mee
Thus priuate with you.

Mathias. It were in him Madam
A sinne vnardonable to distrust such purencesse,
Though I were an *Adonis*.

Honorio. I presume
He neither does, nor dares : and yet the story
Deliuered of you by the Generall
With your *Herc'ul* courage (which sinckes deeply
Into a knowing womans heart) besides
Your promising presence might beget some scruple,
In a meaner man, but more of this heereafter
I'll take another Theme now and coniure you
By the honors you haue woone, and by the loue
Sacred to your deere wife, to answer truely
To what I shall demand.

Mathias. You need not vse
Charmes to this purpose Madam.

Honorio. Tell me then
Being your selfe assur'd 'tis not in man
To sully with one sport' th' immaculate whitenes
Of your wifes honor, if you haue not since
The Gordion of your loue was tide by marriage
Playd false with her?

Mathias. By the hopes of mercy neuer.

Honorio. It may be, not frequenting the conuerse
Of handsome ladies, you were neuer tempted
And so your faith's vntride yet.

Mathias. Surely Madam,
I am no woman hater, I haue beene,

The Picture.

Received to the society of the best,
And fairest of our climate, and haue met with
No common entertainement, yet nere felt
The least heat that way,

Honorio. Strange; and doe you thinke still
The earth can show no beauty that can drench
In *Lethe* all remembrance of the fauour
Your now beare to your owne?

Mathias. Nature must find out
Some other mold to fashon a new creature
Fairer then her *Pandora*, ere I proue
Guilty or in my wishes, or my thoughts,
To my *Sophia*.

Honorio. Sir consider better
Not one in our whole sex?

Mathias. I am constant to
My resolution.

Honorio. But dare you stand
The oposition, and bind your selfe
By oath for the performance?

Mathias. My faith else
Had but a weake foundation.

Honorio. I take hold
Vpon your promise, and inioyne your stay
For one month heere

Mathias. I am caught.

Honorio. And if I do not
Produce a lady in that time that shall
Make you confesse your error I submit
My selfe to any penultie you shall please
T' impose vpon me, in the meane space write
To your chaste wife, acquainte her with your fortune
The iewells that were mine you may send to her,
For better confirmation, I'll prouide you
Of trusty messengers, but how far distant is she?

Mathias. A dayes hard riding.

Honorio.

The Pidare.

Honoris. There's no retiring
I'll bind you to your word.

Mathias. Well since there is,
Noe way to shun it I will stand the hazard
And instantly make ready my dispatch
'Till then, I'll leaue your maicesty.

Exit Mathias.

Honoris. How I burst
With enuie that there liues besides my selfe
One faire, and loyall woman, 'twas the end
Of my ambition to be recorded
The onely wonder of the age, and shall I
Giue way to a competitor? nay more
To adde to my affliction, the assurances
That I plac'd in my beautie haue deceau'd me
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring
All hearts to my subiection, but this stranger
Vnmaoud as rockes contemnes me, but I cannot
Sit downe so with my honor, I will gaine
A double victory by working him
To my desire, and tainte her in her honor
Or loose my selfe, I haue read that sometime poyson
Is vsfull, to suplant her ile imploy
With any cost *v baldo*, and *Ricardo*
Two noted courtiers of approued cunning
In all the windings of lusts labirinthe,
And in corrupting him I will out goe
Neros Poppæa, if he shut his eares,
Against my Siren notes, 'le boldly sweare
Vlysses liues againe, or that I haue found
A frozen Cynike, cold in spite of all
Allurements, one, whom beauty cannot moue
Nor softest blandishments entice to loue.

Exit Honoris.

The end of the second Act.

The Picture.

Actus tertij, Scena prima.

Enter Hilario.

THinne, Thinne, prouision, I am dieted
Like one set to watch hawkes, and to keepe me waking
My croaking guts make a perpetuall larum,
Heere I stand centinell, and though I fright
Beggars from my ladies gate, in hope to haue
A greater share I find my commons mend not.
I lookt this morning in my glasse the riuier
And there appeard a fish cald a poore Iohn
Cut with a lenten face in my owne likenesse,
And it seemd to speake and say goodmorrow comen :
No man comes this way but has a sting at me,
A Chirurgion passing by ask'd at what rate,
I would sell my selfe, I answered for what vse ?
To make sayd he a liucing Anatomy
And set thee vp in our hall, for thou art transparent
Without dissection, and indeede he had reason,
For I am scourd with this poore purge to nothing.
They say that hunger dwels in the campe, but till
My Lord returnes, or certaine tidings of him
He will not part with me, but sorrowes drie
And I must drinke howsoeuer.

Guide. That is her castle

Enter Ubaldo, and Ricardo, Guide.

Vpon my certaine knowledge.

Ubaldo. Our horses held out

To my desire: I am a fire to be at it.

Ricardo. Take the iades for thy reward, before I part hence,
I hope to be better carried, giue me the Cabinet.

Soe leaue vs now

Guide. Good fortune to you Gallants.

*Exit Guide.
Ubaldo,*

The Picture.

Ubaldo. Being ioynt Agents in a designe of trust to
For the seruice of the Queene, and our owne pleasure,
Let vs proceed with iudgement.

Ricardo. If I take not
This fort at the first assault, make me an Euenuche,
So I may haue precedence.

Ubaldo. On no termes.
We are both to play one prize he that workes best
I'th searching this mine shall carry it
Without contention.

Ricardo. Make you your approaches
As I directed

Ubaldo. I need no instruction.
I worke not on your anuile, I'll giue fire
With my owne linstocke, if the powder be dancke
The Diuell rend the touch-hole. Who haue we heere?
What skelliton's this?

Ricardo. A ghost! or the image of famine!
Where doest thou dwell?

Hilario. Dwell sir? my dwelling is
I'th high way, that goodly house was once
My habitation, but I am banished.
And cannot be cald home 'till newes arriue
Of the good knight *Matbias.*

Ricardo. If that will

Restore thee thou art safe

Ubaldo. We come from him
With presents to his Lady.

Hilario. But are you sure
Hee is in health?

Ricardo. Neuer so well, conduct vs
To the lady.

Hilario. Though a poore snake I will leape
Out of my skine for ioy, breake picher breake,
And waller late my cubbard I bequeath thee
To the next begger, thou red herring swimme

The Picture.

To the red sea againe me thinckes I am already
Knuckle deepe in the flesh potts, and though waking, dream
Of wine and plenty.

Ricardo. What's the misery
Of this strange passion?

Hilario. My belly gentlemen,
Will not geue me leau to tell you, when I haue brought you
To my ladies presence I am disenchantred,
There you shall know all follow if I outstrip you
know I run for my belly.

Ubaldo. A mad fellow.

Exunt.

Actus tertij, Scena secunda.

Enter Sophia Corisca.

Sophia. Do not againe delude me.

Corisca. If I doe, send me a grasing with my fellow *Hilario*,
I stood as you commanded in the turret
Oberseruing all that pas'd by, and euen now
I did diserue a payre of Caualiers
For such their outside spoke them with their guide
Dismounting from their horses, they said something
To our hungry Centinell that made him caper
And frish'ith ayre for ioy, and to confirme this
See Madam they in view.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Hilario. Newes from my Lord?
Tidings of ioy, these are no counterfaytes,
But Knights indeed, deere Madam signe my pardon
That I may feed againe, and picke vp my crumes
I haue had a long fast of it,

Sophia. Eate, I forgiue thee.

Hilario. O comfortable wordes, eate I forgiue thee

And

The Picture.

And if in this I do not soone obey you
And ramne in to the purpose billet me againe
P' the high way, butler and Cooke be ready
For I enter like a tyrant.

Exit Hilario.

Ubaldo. Since mine eyes
Were neuer happy in for sweets an object,
Without eniury I presume you are
The ladie of the house, and so salute you.

Ricardo. This letter with these iewels from your Lord
Warrant my boldnes Madam.

Ubaldo. in being a seruant
To such rare beauty you must needes deserue
This courtesie from a stranger.

Ricardo. You are still
Before hand with me, pretty one I descend
To take the height of your lippe, and if I misse
In the altitude heereafter if you please
I will make vse of my *Iacobs* staffe,

Sophia hauing in the interim redd the letter
and gend the Casket.

Corisca. These gentlemen
Haue certainly had good breeding, as it appears
By their neat kissing, they hit me so bat on the lipps
At the first sight.

Sophia. Heauen in thy mercy make mee
Thy thankfull handmaid for this boundles blessing
In thy goodnesse showr'd vpon me.

Ubaldo. I do not like
This simple deuotion in her it is feldome
Practisd among my mistresses.

Ricardo. Or mine
Would they kneele to I know not who for the possession
Of such inestimable wealth before
They thank'd the bringers of it & the poore lady
Does want instruction, but All be bertutor

The Picture.

And read her another lesson.

Sophia. If I haue
Showne want of manners gentlemen in my shewes
To pay the thanks I owe you for your trauaile
To doe my Lord, and me (howere vnworthy
Of such a benifit) this noble fauour
Impute it in your clemencie to the excesse
Of ioy that ouerwhelm'd me.

Ricardo. She speaks well

Ubaldo. Polite, and courtly.

Sophia. And howere it may
Increase th' offence to trouble you with more
Demandes touching my Lord, before I haue
Inuited you to rest, such as the courtesie
Of my poore house can offer, pray you conuine
On my weake tendernesse though I intreate
To learne from you something hee hath it may bee
In his letter left vnmention'd.

Ricardo. I can onely
Giue you assurance that he is in health,
Grac'd by the King, and Queene

Ubaldo. And in the court
With admiration look'd on;

Ricardo. You must therefore
Put off these widdowes garments, and appeere
Like to your selfe.

Ubaldo. And entertaine all pleasures
Your fortunes markes out for you.

Ricardo. There are other
Perticular priuacies which on occasion
I will deliuer to you.

Sophia. You oblige me
To your seruice euer.

Ricardo. Good by your seruice, marke that.

Sophia. In the meane time by your good acceptance make
My rusticke entertainment rellish of.

The Picture.

The curiousnesse of the court.

Ubaldo. Your lookes sweete Madam
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

Sophia. It shall be
Such in the freedome of my will to please you.
I'll show you the way; this is to great an honor
From such braue ghefts to me so meane an hostesse.

Exeunt.

Abus tertij. Scena prima.

Enter Acanthe, two fower, or five with vizards.

Acanthe. You know your charge, giue it action, and expect
Rewards beyond your hopes.

1. If we but eye 'em,
They are ours I warrant you.

2. May we not aske why
We are put vpon this?

Acanthe. Let that stop your mouth,
And learne more manners groome, tis vpon the hower
In which they vse to walke heere, when you haue 'em,
In your power, with violence carry them to the place
Where I appointed, there I will expect you,
Be bold, and carefull.

Exit Acanthe.

Enter Mashim and Baptista.

1. These are they.

2. Are you sure?

1. Am I sure I am my selfe?

2. Cease on him strongly, If he haue but meant
To draw his sword. 'tis ten to one we smart fort.
Take all aduantages:

Mashim. I cannot guesse
What her intents are, but her carriage was
As I but now related.

The Picture.

Baptista. Your assurance
In the constancie of your lady is the armor
That must defend you, whers the picture?

Mathias, Heere.
And no way alter'd

Baptista. If she be not perfit,
There is no truth in art.

Mathias. By this I hope
She hath receiv'd my letters.

Baptista. Without question
These courtiers are rancke riders, when they are
To visit a handsome lady.

Mathias. Lend me your eare.
One peece of her entertainment will require
Your deereft priuacy.

1. Now they stand faire
Vpon 'em,

Mathias. Villaines.

1. Stop their mouths, we come not
To trie your valures, kill him if he offer,
To open his mouth, we haue you, tis in vaine
To make resistance, mount 'em and away.

Exeunt.

Actus tertij, Scana quarta.

*Enter seruants with lights, Ladislans, Ferdinand,
Eubulus.*

Ladislans. 'Tis late go to your rest, but doe not enuy
The happinesse I draw nesre to.

Eubulus. If you inioy it,
The moderate way the sport yeelds I confesse
A pretty titillation, but to much oft
will bring you on your knees, in my yonger daies
I was my selfe a gamster, and I found

The Picture.

By a sad experience, there is no such soker
As a yonger spongie wife, shee keeps a thousand
Horleeches in her box, and the thieues will sucke out
Both bloud, and marrow, I feele a kind of crampe
In my ioynts when I thinke o'nt, but it may bee *Queenes*
And such a *Queene* as yours is, has the art

Ferdinand. You take leaue
To talke my Lord.

Ladislaus. He may since he can do nothing

Eubus. If you spend this way to much of your royall stock
Ere long we may be pnesfellowes.

Ladislaus. The doore shut,
Knocke gentlie, harder. So, heere comes her woman,
Take of my gowne.

Enter Acanthe.

Acanthe. My Lord, the *Queene* by me
This night desires your pardon,

Ladislaus. How *Acanthe*!
I come by her appointment 'twas her grant
The motion was her owne

Acanthe. It may be fir
But by her Doctors Since shee is aduis'd
For her health sake to forbear.

Eubulus. I do not like
This phisicall lecherie, the old downe right way
Is worth a thousand out.

Ladislaus. Prethe *Acanthe.*
Meditate for me.

Eubulus. O the fiends of hell
Would any man bribe his seruant to make way
To his owne wife, if this be the court state
Shame fall on such as vse it.

Acanthe. By this iewel
This night I dare not moue her, but to morrow
I will watch all occasion

Ladislaus. Take this

The Picture.

To be mindfull of me

Exit Acanth.

Embulus. S'ight, I though a king
Might haue tooke vp any woman at the Kings Price
And must he buy his owne at a deerer rate
Then a stranger in a brothell?

Ladislaws. What is that
You mutter sir?

Embulus. No treason to your honor
I'll speake it out though it anger you, if you pay for
Your lawfull pleasure, in some kind great sir
What do you make the Queene, cannot you clicket
Without a fee? or when she has a suit for you to grant?

Ferdinando. O hold sir.

Ladislaws. Off with his head.

Embu. Do when you please, you but blow out a taper
That would light your vnderstanding, and in care of t
Is burnt downe to the socket, be as you are fir
An absolute monarch, it did show more Kinglike
In those libidinous Casars that compeld
Matrous, and virgins of all rankes to bow
Vnto their ratenous lusts, and did admit
Of more excuse then I can vrge for you,
That slaue your selfe to th'imperious humor
Of a proud beauty.

Ladislaws. Out of my sight.

Embulus. I will fir

Giue way to your furious passion, but when reason
Hath got the better of it I much hope
The counsaile that offends now, will deserue
Your royall thanks, tranquillity of mind
Stay with you sir. I do begin to doubt
Ther's something more in the Queenes strangnes, then
Is yet disclofd, and i'll find it out
Or loose my selfe in the serch.

Ferdinand. Sure He is honest,

And

The Picture.

And from your infancy hath truly seru'd you
Let that plead for him and impute this harshnes
To the frowardnes of his age.

Ladislaus. I am much troubled
And do begin to stagger, *Ferdinand* good night
To morrow visit vs, eacke to our owne lodgings.

Exeunt.

Actus tertij, Scena quinta.

Enter Acanthe, the vizarded seruants, Mathias, Baptista.

Acanthe. You haue donne brauely, locke this in that roome,
There let him ruminare, I'll anon vnhood him. *they carry*
The other must stay heere, as soone as I *of Baptista*
Haue quit the place giue him the liberty,
And vse of his eies, that donue disperse your selues
As priuately as you can, but on your liues
No word of what hath pas'd.

Exit Acanthe.

1. If I doe, sell
My tongue to a tripe wife, come vnbind his armes,
You are now at your owne disposure and howeuer
We vs'd you roughly, I hope you will find heere
Such entertainment, as will giue you cause
To thanke vs for the seruice, and so I leaue you,

Exeunt seruants.

Mathias. If I am in a prison 'tis a neat one,
What O edipus can resolue this riddle? Ha!
I neuer gaue iust cause to any man
Basely to plot against my life, but what is
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer
More then my selfe.

Acanthe. Remoue th' idle feare
Hee's safe as you are.

Mathias. Whoso'ere thou art
For him I thanke thee, I cannot imagine
Where I should be, though I haue read the table

The Tempe

Or errant knight hood, stuff'd, with the relations
Of magicall enchantments, yet I am not
So sottishly credulous, to beleeu the diuell
Hath that way power, Ha? musick e!

Musicke above, a song of pleasure.

*The blushing rose and purple flower,
Let grow to long are soonest blasted.
Dainty fruites, though sweete, will sower
And rot in ripenes, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweete then these
The more you tast, the more shee'l please.*

*Beauty though inclos'd with ice,
Is A shadow chaste as rare,
Then how much those sweetes intice.
That haue issue full as faire,
Earth cannot yeeld from all her powers
One equall, for Dame Venus bowers.*

A song too, certainly be it he, or she
That owes this voyce, it hath not bene acquainted
With much affliction, whofoere you are
That doe inhabit heere, if you haue bodies
And are not meere aeriall formes appeare

Enter Honoria.

And makeme know your end with me, most strange
What haue I couer'd vp? sure if this be,
A spirit 'tis no damn'd one what a shap'es heere;
Then with what maiety it moues, *If Iuno*
Were now to keepe her state among the Gods,
And *Hercules* to be made againe her gheit
She could not put on a more glorious habit
Though her handmaid *Iris* lent her vaious colours.
Or ouid *Oceanus* rauish'd from the deepe

The Picture.

All iewels shipwrack'd in it, as you haue
Thus far made knowne your selfe, if that your face
Haue not too much diuinity about it
For mortall eyes to gaze on, perfit what
You haue begun with wonder, and amazement
To my astonish'd senses, how! the Queene! *kneeles*
she pulls of her masque.

Honorio. Rise sir, and heare my reasons in defence
Of the rape for so you may conceaue, which I
By my instruments made vpon you, you perhaps
May thinke, what you haue suffer'd for my lust
Is a common practise with me, but I call
Those euer shining lamps, and their great maker
As witnesses of my innocence, Inere look'd on
A man but your best selfe, on whom I euer
(Except the King) vouchsaf'd an eie of fauour

Mathias. The King indeed, and onely such a King
Deserues your rarities Madam, and but hee
'Twere gyant like ambition in any
In his wishes onely to presume to tast
The nectar of your kisses; or to feed
His appetite with that ambrosia, due
And proper to a prince, and what bind mores
A lawfull husband, for my selfe great Queene
I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
All merit, that can rayse me higher then
In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty
To hazard my life for you, and that way
I am most ambitious.

Honorio. I desire no more
Then what you promise, if you dare expose
Your life as you professe to doe me seruice,
How can it better be imployd, then in
Preseruing mine? which onely you can doe.
And must doe with the danger of your owne.

The Picture.

A desperate danger to, if priuate men
Can brooke no riuals in what they affect
But to the death pursue such as inuade
What law makes their inheritance, the King
To whom you know I am deerer then his crowne
His health his eies his after-hopes with all
His present blessings must fall on that man
Like dreadfull lightning that is won by prayers,
Threates, or rewards to staine his bed, or make
His hop'd for issue doubtfull.

Mathias. If you aime
At what I more then feare you doe, the reasons
Which you deliuer should in iudgement rather
Deter me, then invite a grant, with my
Assured ruine.

Honorio. True if that you were
Of a cold temper one whom doubt, or feare,
In the most horrid formes they could put on
Might teach to be ingratefull, your deniall
To me, that haue deseru'd so much, is more
If it can haue addition.

Mathias. I know not
What your commandes are.

Honorio. Haue you fought so well
Among armi'd men, yet cannot ghesse what lists
You are to enter when you are in priuate
With a willingly ladie, one, that to inioye
Your company this night deni'd the King
Accesse, to what's his owne, if you will presse me
To speake in playner language.

Mathias. Pray you forbear,
I would I did not vnderstand too much
Already, by your words I am instructed
To credite that, which not confirm'd by you,
Had bred suspicion in me of vntruth
Though an Angell had affirm'd it, but suppose

That

The Picture.

That cloyd with happines (which is euer builte
On vertuous chastity, in the wantonnesse
Of appetite, you desire to make triall
Of the false delights propos'd by vicious lust :
Among ten thousand euery way more able
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience being your subiects, why shou'd you
Make choice of me a stranger ?

Honoris. Though yet reason
Was nere admitted in the court of loue,
I'll yeeld you one vnanswerable, as I vrg'd
In our last priuate conference, you haue
A pretty promising presence, but there are
Many in limbes, and feature who may take
That way the right hand file of you, besides
Your May of youth is pas'd, and the blood spent
By woundes, though brauely taken, render you
Disabl'd for loues seruice, and that valour
Set off with better fortune, which it may be
Swels you aboue your boundes 'is not the hooke
That hath caught me good sir I need no champion
With his sword to guard my honor, or my beauty,
In both I can defend my selfe, and liue
My owne protection.

Mathias. If these aduocates
The best that can plead for me, haue no power ?
What can you find in me else, that may tempt you
With irrecouerable losse vnto your selfe
To be a gayner from me ?

Honoris. You haue Sir
A ieuell of such matchlesse worth and lustre,
As does disdain comparifon, and darkens
All that is rare in other men, and that
I must or win, or lessen.

Mathias. You heape more
Amazement on me, what am I possess'd of

The Picture.

That you can couet? make me vnderstand it,
If it haue a name?

Honorio. Yes an imagin'd one,
But is in substance nothing, being a garment
Worne out of fashion, and long since giuen ore
By the court and country, tis your loya ty,
And constancy to your wife, 'tis that I dote on,
And does deserue my enuy, and that iewell
Or by faire play, or foule, I must winne from you.

Mathias. These are meere contraries, if you loue me Madam
For my constancy, why seeke yo to destroy it?
In my keeping it preferue me worth your fauour,
Or if it be a iewell of that value,
As you with labour'd rhetoric would perswad me
What can you stake against it?

Honorio. A Queenes fame,
And equall honor.

Mathias. So whoeuer wins
Both shall be loosers.

Honorio. That is that I aime at
Yet on the by I lay my youth, my beauty
This moist palme, this soft lippe, and those delights
Darkenesse should onely iudge of, do you find 'em
Infectious in the tryall, that you start
Asfrighted with their touch?

Mathias. Is it in man
To resist such strong temptations?

Honorio. He begins
To wauer.

Mathias. Madam as you are gracious
Grant this short nights deliberation to me,
And with the rising sun from me you shall
Receiue full satisfaction.

Honorio. Though extreames
Hate all delay, I will denie you nothing,
This key will bring you to your friend you are safe both

And

The Picture.

And all things vsfull that could be prepar'd
For one I loue and honor waite vpon you,
Take counsaile of your pillow, such a fortune
(As with affections swiftest wings flies to you
Will not be often tendred.

Exit Honoria.

Mathias. How my blood
Rebels! I now could call her backe and yet
Ther's something staves me, if the King had renderd
Such fauours to my wife 'tis to be doubted
They had not benereful'd, but being a man
I should not yeeld first, or proue an example
For her defence of fraylty, by this sans question
She's tempted too, and heere I may examine

looke on the picture.

How shee holds out, she's still the same, the same
Pure Christa! rocke of chastity perish all
Allurements that may alter me, the snow
Osher sweete coldnes, hath extinguished quite
The fire that but euen now began to flame!
And I by her confirm'd, rewards, nor titles,
Nor certaine death from the refused Queene
Shall shake my faith, since I resolute to be
Loyall to her, as she is true to me.

Exit Mathias.

Actus tertij, Scana secunda.

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Ubaldo. What we spake on the voley begins to worke,
We haue layd a good foundation

Ricardo. Build it vp
Or else tis nothing, you haue by lot the honor
Of the first assault, but as it is condition'd
Obterue the time proportion'd, I'll not part with

My

The Picture.

My share in the atchieuement, when I whistle,
Or hemme fall off.

Enter Sophia.

Vbaldo. She comes Stand by, I'll watch
My oportunity.

Sophia. I find my selfe
Strangely distracted with the various stories
Now we l, now ill, then boubtfully by my ghests
Deliuier'd of my Lord : and like poore beggers
That in their dreames find treasure, by reflection
Of a wounded fancie, make it questionable
Whither they sleepe, or not ; yet teickl'd with
Such a phantasticke hope of happinesse,
With they may neuer wake in some such measure,
Incredulous of what I see, and touch
As 'twere a fading apparition, I
Am still perplex'd, and troubled, and when most
Confirm'd tis true a curious ielousie
To be assur'd, by what meanes, and from whom
Such a masse of welth, was first deseru'd, then gotten
Cunningly steale into me, I haue practis'd
For my certaine resolution with these courtiers
Promising priuate conference to either,
And at this hower, if in search of the truth
I heare or say inore, then becomes my vertue
For gi ueme my *Mathias.*

Vbaldo. Now I make in,
Maddam as you commanded I attend
Your pleasure.

Sophia. I must thanke you for the fauour.

Vbaldo. I am no ghostly father, yet if you haue
Some scruples, touching your Lord, you would be resolu'd of
I am prepar'd.

Sophia. But will you take your oath
To answere truely?

Vbaldo. On the hemme of your smocke if you please

The Picture.

A vow I dare not breake it beeing a booke
I would gladly swere on.

Sophia. To spare fir that trouble
I'll take your word which in a gentleman
Should be of equall value, is my Lord then
In such grace with the Queene?

Vbaldo. Yon should best know
By what you haue found from him, whether he can
Deserue a grace or noe.

Sophia. What grace do you meane?

Vbaldo. That speciall grace (if you'l haue it)
He laboured so hard for betweene a paire of sheets
On your wedding night
When your Ladiship lost you know what.

Sophia. Fie be more modest
Or I must leaue you.

Vbaldo. I would tell a truth
As cleanly as I could, and yet the subiecte
Makes me run out a little.

Sophia. You would put now
A foolish ielousie in my head my Lord
Hath gotten a new miltris.

Vbaldo. One? a hundred
But vnder seale I speake it, I presume
Vpon your silence, it being for your profit,
They talke of *Hercules*, backe for fifty in a night
'Twas well, but yet to yours he was a pidler
Such a souldier, and a courtier neuer came
To *Alba regalis*, the ladies run mad for him,
And there is such contention among 'em
Who shall ingrosse him wholly, that the like
Was neuer hard of.

Sophia. Are they handsome women?

Vbal. Fie noe course mammetts, and whats worse they are old
Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay deere fort
Beleeuing, that he carries a powder in his breeches

The Picture.

Will make 'em young againe, and these sucke shrewdly,
Ricardo. Sir I mult fetch you off. *Whistles.*

Vbaldo. I could tell you wonders
Of the cures he has done, but a buifnesse of import
Ca'ls me away, but that dispatch'd I will
Be with you presently.

Steps aside.

Sophia. There is something more
In this then bare suspition.

Ricardo. Saue you lady
Now you looke like your selfe ! I haue not look'd on
A lady more compleat yet haue seene a Madam
Were a garment of this fashion, of the same stufte to,
One iust of your dimensions, fate the wind there boy.

Sophia. What lady si ?

Ricardo. Nay nothing, and me thinkes
I should know this rubie very good ? tis the same
This chaine of orient pearle, and this diamond to
Haue beene worn e before, but much good may they do you
Strength to the gentlemans backe he toyld hard for 'em,
Before he got 'em

Sophia. Why ? how were they gotten ?

Vbaldo hemms.

Ricardo. Not in the feeld with his sword vpon my life
He may thanke his clole stilletto, plage vpon it
Run the minutes so fast, pray you excuse my manners
I left a letter in my chamber window,
Which I would not haue seene on any termes, fye on it
Forgetfull as I am, but I frayt attend you

Ricardo steps aside.

Sophia. This is strange his letters sayd these iewels were
Presented him by the Queene, as a reward
For his good seruice, and the trunckes of clothes
That followd them this last night, with hast made vp
By his direction.

Enter

The Picture.

Enter *Ubaldo*.

Ubaldo. I was telling you
Of wonders Madam.

Sophia. If you are soe skilfull
Without premeditation answere me,
Know you this gowne, and these rich iewels?

Ubaldo. Heauen.
How things will come out, but that I should offend you,
And wrong my more then noble friend
Your husband for we are sworne brothers, in the discouery
Of his neereft secret s I could.

Sophia. By the hope of fauour
That you haue from me out with it.

Ubaldo. Tis a potent spell
I cannot resist, why I will tell you Madam,
And to how many feuerall women you are
Beholding for your brauerie, this was
The Wedding gowne of *Paulina* a rich strumpet
Worme but a day when she married ould *Gonzage*,
And left of trading.

Sophia. O my hart.

Ubaldo. This chaine
Of pearle was a great widdowes, that inuited
Your Lord to the masque, and the wether prouing foule
He lodg'd in her house all night, and merry they were,
But how he came by it I know not.

Sophia. Periurd man!

Ubaldo. This ring was *Iuliettas*, a fine peece
But very good at the sport, this diamond
Was Madam *Acanthes* giuen him for a song
prick'd in a priuate arbor, as she sayd
When the Queene askd for it, and she hard him sing to,
And danc'd to his hornepipe or there are lyers abroad
There are other toyes about you
The same way purchas'd but paraleld
With these not worth the relation.

The Picture.

You are happy in a husband neuer man
Made better vse of his strength, would you haue him wast,
His body away for nothing? If he holds out,
Thers not an Embrodered peticote in the court
But shall be at your seruice.

Sophia. I commend him

It is a thriuing trade, but pray you leaue me
A little to my selfe.

Ubaldo. You may command

Your seruant madam, she stur-z vnto the quicke ladd.

Ricardo. I did my part if this potion worke not hang me
Let her sleepe as well as she can to night, to morrow
Wee'll mount new batteries,

Ubaldo. And till then leaue her?

Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo

Sophia. You powers that take into your care, the gard
Of innocence ayd me, for I am a creature,
Soe forfeyed to dispaire, hope cannot fancie
A ransome to redeeme me, I begin
To wauer in my faith and marke it doubtfull
Whither the Saints that were canoniz'd for
Their holines of life find not in secret.
Since my *Mathias* is falne from his vertue
In such an open fashon, could it be else
That such a husband so deuoted to me,
so vow'd to temperance, for laciuous hire
Should prostitute himselfe to common harlors
Ould, and deform'd to wast for this he left me?
And in a faind pretence for want of meanes
To giue me ornament? or to bring home
Diseases to me? suppose these are false,
And lustfull goates if he were true and right
Why stayer he so long from me? being made rich
And that the onely reason why he left me.
No he is lost; and shall I weare the spoiles.

And

The Picture.

And Salaries of lust? they cleave vnto me
Like *Nessus* poyson'd shirt? no in my rage
I'll teare 'em of, and from my body wash
The venome with my teares, haue I no spleene
Nor anger of a woman? shall he build
Vpon my ruins and I vureueng'd
Deplore his falshood? no? with the same trash
For which he hath dishonor'd me, I'll purchase
A iust reuenge, I am not yet so much
In debt to yeares, nor so misshap'd that all
Should flie from my Embraces, chastity
Thou onely art a name, and I renounce thee,
I am now a seruant to voluptuousnesse,
Wantons of all degrees and fashions welcome
You shall be entertain'd, and if I stray
Let him condemne himselfe, that lead the way.

Exit.

The end of the third Act.

Actus quarti, Scena prima.

Enter Mathias, Baptista.

Baptista. We are in a desperat straight, ther's no euasion
Nor hope left to come of, but by your yeelding
To the necessity, you must faine a grant
To her violent passion, or

Mathias. What my *Baptista*?

Baptista. We are but dead else.

Mathias. Were the sword now heau'd vp,
And my necke vpon the blocke, I would not buy
An howers retriue with the losse of faith and vertue
To be made immortall heere, art thou a scholler
Nay almost without paralell, and yet feare

The Picture.

To dye which is ineuitable you may vrge
The many yeeres that by the course of nature
We may trauaile in this tedious pilgrimage,
And hou'd it as a blessing, as it is
When innocence is our guid, yet know *Baptista*
Our vertues are preferu'd before our yeeres
By the great iudge to dye vntaynted in
Our fame, and reputation is the greatest
And to loofe that can we desire to liue?
Or shall I for a momentary pleasure
Which soone comes to a period; to all times
Haue breāch of faith and periury remembred
In a still liuing Epitath, no *Baptist*,
Since my *Sophia* will go to her graue
Vnspotted in her faith, I'll follow her
With equall loyalty, but looke on this
your owne great worke, your masterpeece, and then
She being stil' the same teach me to alter.
Ha! sure I doe not sleepe! or if I dreame, *The pi-*
This is a terrible vision! I will cleare *cture alfred.*
My eiesight, perhaps melancholly makes me
See that which is not.

Baptista. It is to apparent.

I grieue to looke vpon't, besides the yellow
That does assure she's tempted there are lines
Of a darke colour, that disperse themselues
Ore euery miuiature of her face, and those
Confirme.

Mathias. She is turnd whore.

Baptista. I must not say so.

Yet as a friend to truth if you will haue me
Interpret it, in her consent, and wishes
She's false but not in fact yet.

Mathias. Fa? *Baptista?*

Make not your selfe a pandar to her loosenes,
In labouring to palliate what a vizard

The Picture.

Of impudence cannot couer did ere woman
In her will decline from chastety, but found meanes
To giue her hot lust full? it is more
Impossible in nature for grosse bodies
Descending of themselues, to hang in the ayre,
Or with my single arme to vnderprop
A falling tower, nay in its violent course
To stoppe the lightning then to stay a woman
Huried by two furies lust and falshood
In her full carier to wickednes.

Baptista. Pray you tempter
The violence of your passion.

Mathias. In extreames
Of this condition, can it be in man
To vse a moderation? I am throwne
From a steepe rocke headlong into a gulph
Of misery, and find my selfe past hope
In the same moment that I apprehend
That I am falling and this the figure of
My Idoll few hovers since, while she cotinued
In her perfection that was late a mirror
In which I saw miracules shāpes of duty,
Stayd manners with all excellency a husband
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the suddaine
Turnd to a magicall glasse, and does present
Nothing but hornes, and horror

Baptista. You may yet
And 'tis the best foundation, build vp comfort
On your owne goodnes.

Mathias. Noe, that hath vndone me
For now I hold my temperance a sinne
Worse then excesse, and what was vice a vertue,
Haue I refus'd a Queene, and such a Queene
Whose rauishing beauties at the first sight had tempted
A hermit from his beades, and chang'd his prayers
To amorous Sonets, to preferue my faith

The Picture.

I nauigate to thee, with the hazard of
My death with torture, since she could inflict
No lesse for my contempt, and haue I made
Such a returne from thee? I will not curse thee,
Nor for thy falshood raile against the sex
'Tis poore, and common, Ile onely with wise men
Whisper vnto my selfe, howe they seeme
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come
Hath heeretofore, can now, or euer shall
Produce on constant woman.

Baptista. This is more
Then the Satirists wrot against 'em.

Matbias. Ther's no language
That can expresse the poyson of these Aspicks,
These weeping Crocadiles, and all to little
That hath beene sayd against 'em but I'll mould
My thoughts into another forme, and if
She can out-lie the report of what I haue donne
This hand when next she comes within my reach
Shall be her executioner.

Enter Honoria.

Baptista. The Queene sir.

Honoria. Wait our commnd at distance, sir you haue to
Free liberty to depart.

Baptista. I know my manners
And thanke you for the fauour.

Exit Baptista.

Honoria. Haue you taken
Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now
Your resolute answere, but aduise maturely
Before I heare it,

Matbias. Let my actions Madam,
For no words can dilate my ioy in all
You can command with cherefulness to serue you,
Assure your highnes, and in signe of my
Submission, and contrition for my error.

The Picture.

My lipps, that but the last night shund the touch
Of yours as poyson, taught humility now
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honor
For such an vnderferuer seales my duty,
A cloudy mist of ignorance equall to
Cimmerian darkenes, would not let me see then
What now with adoration, and wonder
With reuerence I looke vp to: but those foggs
Disperd and scatterd by the powerfull beames
With which your selfe the Sun of all perfection,
Vouchsafe to cure my blindnes like a suppliant
As low as I can kneele / humbly begge
What you once pleas'd to tender.

Honorio. This is more
Then I could hope, what find you so attractiue
Vpon my face in so short time to make
This suddaine Metamorphosis? pray you rise;
I for your late neglect thus signe your pardon.
I now you kisse like a louer, and not as brothers
Coldly salute their sisters.

Mathias. I am turnd
All spirit and fire.

Honorio. Yet to giue some allay
To this hot seruor 'twere good to remember
The King, whose eies and eares are euery where
With the danger to that followes, this discouer'd.

Mathias. Danger? a buggebeare Maddam let ride once
Like *Phaeton* in the the Chariot of your fauour,
And I contemne Ioues thunder though the King
In our embraces stood a looker on,
His hang-men and with studied cruelty ready
To dragge me from your armes, it should not fright me
From the inioying that, a single life is
Too poore a price for, O that now all vigour
Of my youth were recollected for an hower
That my desire might meete with yours and draw
The enuy of all men in the Encounter
Vpon my head, I should, but we loose time,

The Picture.

De gracious mighty Queene

Honorio. Pause yet a little

The boancies of the King, and what weighs more
Your boasted constancie to your machlesse wife,
Should not soone be shaken.

Mathias. The whole fabricke

When I but looke on you, is in a moment

O: returnd, and ruind, and as riuers loose

Their names, when they are swallowed by the *Ocean.*

In you alone all faculties of my soule

Are wholly taken vp, my wife, and King

At the best as things forgotten.

Honorio. Can this be?

I haue gaynd my end now.

Mathias. Wherefore stay you Madam?

Honorio. In my consideration what a nothing-
Mans constancy is.

Mathias. Your beauties make it so,

In me sweet lady.

Honorio. And it is my glory:

I could be coy now as you were, but I

Am of a gentler temper, howsoeuer,

And in a iust returne of what I haue suffer'd

In your disdain, with the same measure graunt me.

Eq: all deliberation I ere long

Will visite you againe and when I next

Appeare, as conquerd by it, flauelike wayt

On my triumphant beauty.

Exit Honorio.

Mathias. What a change

Is heere beyond my feare but by thy falshood

Sophia not her beauty is it denid me

To sinne but in my wishes? what a frowne

In scorne at her departure she threw on me?

I am both waies lost; stormes of Con:empt, and scorne.

Are ready to breake on me, and all hope

Of shelter doubtfull I can neither be

Disloyall, nor yet honest, I stand guilty

On either part, at the worst death will end all,

And

The Picture.

And he must be my iudge to right my wrong,
Since I haue lou'd too much and liu'd too long.

Exit Mathias.

Actus quarti, Scena secunda.

Enter Sophia sola with a booke and a note.

Sophia. Nor custome nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as doe offend make lesse the sinne,
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted, and that comfort which
The damnd pretend, fellowes in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments, euery one
Must suffer in himselfe the measure of
His wickednes, if so, as I must grant
It being vnrrefutable in reason,
Howe my Lord offend, it is no warrant
For me to walke in his forbidden paths,
What penance then can expiate my guilt
For my consent (transported then with passion)
To want onesse? he woundes I giue my fame
Cannot recover his and though I haue fedd
These courtiers with promises and hopes
I am yet in fact vntainted and I trust
My sorrow for it with my purity
And loue to goodnes for it selfe, made powerfull
Though all they haue alleadg'd proue true or false,
Will be such exorcisines as shall command
This furie ieaousie from me, what I haue
Determind touching them I am resolu'd
To put in execution, Within there?
Where are my noble ghefts?

Enter Hilario, Corisca, with other seruants.

Hilario. The elder Maddam,
Is drinking by himselfe to your Ladiships health
In Muskadine and egges and for a rasher
To draw His liquor downe he hath got a pie
Of marrow-bones, Potatos and Eringos,
With many such ingredients, and tis sayd

The Picture.

He hath sent his man in post to the next towne,
For a pound of Amber gris, and halfe a pecke
Of fishes cald Cantharides.

Corisca. The younger
Prunes vp hiu selfe as if this night he were
To act a bridegroomes part, but to what purpose
I am ignorance it selfe,

Sophia. Continue so. *gives a paper.*
Let those lodgings be prepard as this directs you,
And fayle not in a circumstance, as you
Respect my fauour.

1 seruant. We haue our instructions

2 seruant. And punctually will follow 'em

Enter Vbaldo.

Exeunt seruants.

Hilario. Heere comes Madam

The Lord *Vbaldo.*

Vbaldo. Pretty on, thers gould,
To buy thee a new gowne, and ther's for thee,
Grow fat, and fit for seruice, I am now
As I should be at the height and able to
Begget a gyant, O my better Angell
In this you show your wisdom when you pay
The lecher in his owne coyne, shall you sit puling,
Like a patient Grissell, and be laught at? no
This is a fayre reueng, shall we to it?

Sophia. To what fir?

Vbaldo. The sport you promis'd.

Sophia. Could it be donne with safety.

Vbaldo. I warant you, I am found as a bell, a tough
Old blade, and steele to the backe, as you shall find me
In the triall on your anuill.

Sophia. So, but how fir
Shall I satisfie your friend to whom by promise.
I am equally ingag'd?

Vbaldo. I must confesse
The more the merier, but of all men liuing
Take heed of him you may safer run vpon
The mouth of a cannon, when it is valading

The Picture.

And come off colder.

Sophia. How ! is he not holosome ?

Vbaldo. Holosome ? I'll tell you for your good, he is

A spittle of diseases and indeed

More lothsome and infections, the tubbe is

His weekly bath; He hath not dranke this seauen yeare

Before he came to your houle, but compositions

Of Sassafras, and Guacum, and drie mutton

His daily portion; name what scratch foever

Can be got by women and the Surgeons will resolue you

At this time or at that *Ricardo* had it.

Sophia. Blesse me from him.

Vbaldo. 'Tis a good prayer Lady,

It being a degree vnto the pox.

Onely to mention him, if my tongue burne not hange me

When I but namd *Ricardo*.

Sophia. Sir this caution

Must be rewarded.

Vbaldo. I hope I haue marrd his market.

But when?

Sophia. Why presently follow my woman

She knowes where to conduct you, and will serue

To night for a page, let the wastcote I apointed

With the cambricq shirt perfumd, and the rich cappe

Be brought into his chamber.

Vbaldo. Excellent Lady.

And a caudle too in the morning.

Corisca. I will fit you.

Enter Ricardo.

Exeunt Vbaldo & Cor

Sophia. So hot on the scent here comes the other beagle.

Ricardo. Take purse and all

Hilario. If this company would come often.

I should make a pretty terme on't,

Sophia. For your sake

I haue put him off, he only begd a kisse

I gaue it and so parted.

Ricardo. I hope better

He did not touch your lipps ?

The Picture.

Sophia. Yes I assure you.

The e was no danger in it.

Ricardo. No? eate presently

These lozenges, of forty crownes an ounce,
Or you are vndone.

Sophia. What is the vertue of 'em.

Ricardo. They are preferuatiues against stinking breath
Rising from rotten lungs.

Sophia, Ifso your carriage
Of such deere antidotes in my opinion
May render yours suspected.

Ricardo, Fie no I vie 'em

When I take with him I should be poysond else.

But i'll be free with you. Hee was once a creature

It may be of Gods making, but long since

He is turnd to a druggists shoppe, the spring and fall

Hold all the yeere with him that he liues he owes

To art not nature, she has giuen him ore.

He moues like the faery King, on scrues and wheelcs

Made by his Doctors recipes, and yet still

They are out ofioynt, and euery day repairing

He has a regiment of whores he keeps

At his owne charge in a lazar house but the best is

There's not a rose among 'em : Hee's acquainted

With the greene water and the spitting pill

Familiar to him, in a frosty morning

You may thrust him in a pottle pot his bones

Rattle in his Skinne like beanes rof'd in a bladder

If he but heere a coche the fomentation

The Friction with funigation cannot faue him

From the chine cuill in a word he is

Not on disease but all, yet being my friend

I wil forbear his character, for I would not

Wrong him in your opinion.

Sophia, The best is

The vertues you bestow on him to me

Are mistries I know not but howeuer

I am at your seruice. Sirrha let it be your care

T'vncloath the gentleman, and with speed, delay

The Picture.

Takes from delight.

Ricardo. Good, there's my hat, sword, cloke,
A vengeance on these buttons, off with my dublet
I dare show my Skinne, in the touch you will like it better
Prethe cut my codpeepe poynt, and for this seruice
When I leaue them off they are thine.

Hilario. I'll take your word sir.

Ricardo. Deere lady stay not long.

Sophia. I may come too soone sir

Ricardo. No, no I am ready now,

Hilario. This is the way sir.

*Exeunt Hilario,
and Ricardo.*

Sophia. I was much too blame to credit their reports

Touching my Lord that so traduce each other
And with such virulent malice, though I presume
They are bad enough, but I haue studied for 'em
A way for their recouerie.

The noyse of clapping a doore, Ubaldo above in his shirt.

Ubaldo. What dost thou meane wench?

Why dost thou shut the doore upon me? ha
My cloths are taine away to ! shall I starue heere?
Is this my lodging? I am sure the lady talkd of
A rich cappe, a perfum'd shirt, and a wastcote
But heere is nothing but a little fresh straw,
A pettycote for a couerlet and that torne to,
And an ould womans biggen for a night cappe,

Enter Corisca.

Slight tis a prison, or a pigstie, ha I
The windows grated with Iron I cannot force'em
And if I leape downe heere I breake my necke
I am betrayd, rogues villaines let me out
I am a Lord, and that's no common tittle,
And shall I be vsd thus?

Sophia. Let him raue, Hee's fast

I'll parley with him at leasure.

Ricardo entring with a great noyse above, as fallen.

Ricardo. Zoones haue you trap doores?

Sophia. The other birds i' th cage too let him flutter.

Ricardo. Whither am I falne into Hell?

Ubaldo

The Picture.

Vbaldo. Who makes that noyse there?
Helpe me if thou art a friend?

Ricardo. A friend? I am where
I cannot helpe my selfe, let me see thy face.

Vbaldo. How *Ricardo*! prethe throw me
Thy cloke, if thou canst to couer me I am almost
Frozen to death.

Ricardo. My cloke, I haue no breeches
I am in my shirt as thou art, and heer's nothing
For my selfe but a clownes cast suite.

Vbaldo. We are both vndone
Prethe rore a little, Madam.

Enter Hilario in Ricardos suite.

Ricardo. Lady of the house.

Vbaldo. Groomes of the chamber

Ricardo. Gentlewomen, milkemaydes.

Vbaldo. Shall we be murthered?

Sophia. Noe but soundly punish'd
To your diferts.

Ricardo. You are not in earnest Madam?

Sophia. Iudge as you find, and feele it, and now heere
What I irreuocablie purpose to you.
Being receau'd as ghefts into my house
And with all it afforded entertaind
You haue forgot all hospitable duties,
And with the defamation of my Lord
Wrought on my woman weakenesse in reuenge
Of his iniuries, as you fashiond 'em to me,
To yeeld my honor to your lawlesse lust.

Hilario. Marke that poore fellowes.

Sophia. And so far you haue
Transgres'd against the dignity of men
(who should, bound to it by vertue, still defend
Chast ladies honors) that it was your trade
To make 'em in famous, but you are caught
In your owne toiles like lustfull beasts, and therefore
Hope not to find the vsage of men from me
Such mercie you haue forfeited, and shall suffer

The Picture-

Like the most flauish women.

Vbaldo. How will you vse vs?

Sophia. Ease and excesse in feeding made you wanton
A plurisie of ill blood you must let out.

By labour, and spare diet, that way got to,
Or perish for hunger, reach him vp that distaffe
Wich the flax vpon it, though no Omphale
Nor you a second *Hercules*, as I take it
As you spinne well at my command, and please me
Your wages in the courset bread, and water,
Shall be proportionable.

Vbaldo. I will starue first.

Sophia. That's as you please.

Ricardo. What will become of me now?

Sophia. You shall haue gentler worke I haue oft obseru'd
You were proud to show the finenesse of your hands,
And softnes of your fingers, you should reele well
What he spins if you giue your mind to it, as ill force you
Deliuier him his materialls. Now you know
Your penance fall to worke, hunger will teach you
And so as slaues to your lust, not me I leaue you. *Exit Sophia.*

Vbaldo. I shall spinne a fine thred out now *and seruants.*

Ricardo. I cannot looke
On these deuices but they put me in mind
Of rope-makers.

Hilario. Fellow thinke of thy taske
Forget such vanities, my liuery there
Will serue thee to worke in.

Ricardo. Let me haue my clothes yet,
I was bountifull to thee.

Hilario. They are past your wearing
And mine by prom se, as all these can witnes
You haue no holydaies comming, nor will I worke
While these, and this lasts and so when you please
You may shut vp your shoppe windowes.

Vbaldo. I am faint
And must lye downe.

Exit Hilario.

Ricardo. I am hungry to, and could
Ocurfed women

The Picture.

Ubaldo. This comes of our whoring.
But let vs rest aswell as we can to night
But not ore sleepe our selues, least we fast to morrow.

They drew the curtaines.

Astus quarti, Scana terty.

*Enter Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand,
Acanthe, attendance.*

Honoria. Now you know all sir with the motiues why
I forc'd him to my lodging.

Ladislaus. I desire
No more such tria's Lady.

Honoria. I presume sir
You do not doubt my chastity.

Ladislaus. I would no,
But these are strange inducements.

Eubulus. By no meanes sir
Why though he were with violence ceas'd vpon,
And still detaynd the man sir being no souldier
Nor vld to charge his pike when the breach is open
There was no danger in't: you must conceiue sir,
Being religious, she chose him for a Chaplaine
To read old Homelies to her in the darke,
Shee's bound to it by her Cannons.

Ladislaus. Still tormented
With thy impertinence.

Honoria. By your selfe deere sir.
I was ambitious onely to ouer throw
His boasted constancy in his consent,
But forsa & I contemne him, I was neuer
Vnchast in thought, I laboured to giue prooffe
What power dwels in this beauty you admire so,
And when you see how soone it hath transform'd him,
And with what superstition hee addores it,
Determine as you please.

Ladislaus. I will looke on
This pageant but.

Honoria. When you haue seene and hard sir.
The passages, which I my selfe discouer'd,
And could haue kept conceal'd had I meant basely

Judge as you please.

Ladislaus. well Ill obserue the issue.

Enbulus. How had you tooke this Generall in your wife?

Ferdinand. As a strange curiosity, but *Queenes*
Are priuiledgd aboute subiects, and tis fit fir.

Exeunt.

Astus quarti, Scana quarti.

Enter Mathias, Batista.

Baptista. You are much alterd fir since the last night
When the *Queene* left you, and looke cheerefully
Your dulnesse quite b'owne ouer.

Mathias. I haue seene a vision
This morning makes it good, and neuer was
In such security as at this instant,
Fall what can fall, and when the *Queene* appeares
Whose shortest absence now istedious to me,
Obserue 'thi counter.

Enter Honoria, Ladislaus, Enbulus, Ferdinand
Acanthe, with others above.

Baptista. She already is
Entred the lists.

Mathias. And I prepard to meete her.

Baptista. I know my duty.

Honoria. Not so you may stay now
Asa wienes of our contract.

Baptista. I obey
In all things Madam.

Honoria. Wher's that reuerence,
Or rather superstitious addoration,
Which captiue like to my triumphant beauty
You payd last night? no humble knce? nor signe
Of vassall duty? sure this is the foote,
To whose proud couer, and then happy in it,
Your lipps were glewd; and that the necke then offer'd
To wienes your subiection to be trod on
Your certaine losse of life in the Kings anger
Was then to meane a price to buy my fauour.
And that false gloweworme fire of constancie
To your wife, extinguished by a greater light.

The Picture.

Shot from our eyes ; and that it may be (being
To glorious to be look'd on) hath depriv'd you
Of speech, and motion : but I will take off
A little from the splendor, and descend
From my owne height, and in your lownesse heere you
Plead as a suppliant.

Mathias. I do remember
I once saw such a woman.

Honoris. How !

Mathias. And then
She did appeare a most magnificent *Queene*
And what's more vertuous though somewhat darkned
With pride and selfe oppinion.

Eubulus. Call you this courtship ?

Mathias. And she was happy in a royall husband,
Whom enuie could not tax, vnlesse it were
For his too much inda'gence to her hamors.

Eubulus. Pray you sir obserue that touch, tis to the purpose
I like the play the better for't.

Mathias. And she liu'd
Worthy her birth, and fortune; you retayne yet
Some part of her angelicall forme, but when
Enuie to the beauty of a nother woman
Inferior to hers, (one she neuer
Had seene but in her picture) had dispers'd
Infection through her veines and loyaltie
Which a great *Queene* as shee was should haue nourish'd
Grew odious to her

Honoris. I am thunderstrocke.

Mathias. And lust in all the brauery it could borrow
From maiesty, howere disguise had tooke
Sure footing in the kingdome of her heart
(The throne of chastity once,) how in a moment
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her
And woone vpon all hearts, like seeming shadowes.
Wanting true substance vanish'd.

Honoris. How his reasons
Worke on my Soule.

Mathias. Retire into your selfe.

The Picture.

Your owne strengths Madam, strongly man'd with vertue
And be but as you were, and there's no offence.

So base beneath the flauery, that men
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play, and iuggle with a stranger
Varying your shapes like *Thetis* though the beauties
Of all that are by Poëts raptures Sainted
Were now in you vnited, you should passe
Pittied by me perhaps, but not regarded.

Eubulus. If this take not I am cheated.

Mathias. To slip once
Is incident, and excusde by humane fraylty,
But to fall euer damnable we were both
Guilty I grant in rendering our affection,
But, as I hope you will doe, I repented.
When we are growne vp to ripenessse, our life is
Like to this picture. While we runne
A constant race in goodnesse, it retaines
The iust proportion. But the iourneyes being
Tedious and sweet temptations in the way,
That may in some degree diuert vs from
The rode that we put forth in, ere we end
Our pilgrimage, it may like this turne yellow
Or be with blacknesse clouded. But when we
Finde we haue gone astray, and labour to
Returne vnto our neuer sayling guide
Vertue, contrition with vnfained teares,
The spots of vice wash'd off will soone restore it
To the first purenesse.

Honorio. I am disenchantèd
Mercy, O mercy heauens?

kneeles

Ladislaus. I am rauished with
What I haue seene and hard.

Ferdinand. Let vs descend and heere
The rest below.

Eubulus. This hath falne out beyond
My expectation. *they descend.*

Honorio. How haue I wandred
Out of the tract of piety and misled

The Picture.

By ouerweening pride, and flattery
Of fawning sycophants (the bane of greatnes)
Could neuer meeete till now a passenger
That in his charity would set me right,
Or stay me in my precipice to ruine.
How ill haue I return'd your goodnes to me?
The horror in my thought oft turnes me ma: ble.

Enter the King and others,

But if it may be yet preuented, O sir,
What can I do to shew my sorrow or
With what brow aske your pardon?

Ladislaus. Pray you rise.

Honorio. Neuer, till you forgiue me, and receiue
Vnto your loue, and fauour a chang'd woman.
My state, and pride turn'd to humillity henceforth
Shall waite on your commands, and my obedience
Steer'd only by your will.

Ladislaus. And that will proue
A second and a better marriage to me, all is forgot

Honorio. Sir I must not rise yet
Till with a free confession of a crime,
Vnknow ne to you yet, and a following suite
Which thus I beg be granted.

Ladislaus. I melt with you.
Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus.

Honorio. Know then sir.
In malice to this good knights wife I practis'd
Ubaldo, and *Ricardo*, to corrupt her.

Baptista. Thence grew the change of the picture.

Honorio. And how far
They haue preuaild I am ignorant now if you sir
Or the honor of this goodman, may be intreated
To trauaile thither, it being but a dayes iourney
To fetch 'em off,

Ladislaus. We will put on to night.

Baptista. I if you please your harbinger.

Ladislaus. I thanke you.

Let me embrace you in my armes, your seruice
Donne on the *Turke* compar'd with this waighs nothing.

Mathias.

The Picture.

Mathias. I am still your humble creature.

Ladislans. My true friend

Ferdinand. And so you are bound to hold him.

Eubulus. Such a plante

Imported to your Kingdome, and heere grafted
Would yeeld more fruit then all the idle weedes
That sucke vp your raigne of fauour.

Ladislans. In my will

Ill not be wanting, prepare for our iourney.

In acte be my *Honor*a now, not name,

And to all after times preferue thy fame.

Exeunt.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus quinti, Scena prima.

Sophia, Corisca, Hilario.

Sophia. Are they then so humble

Hilario. Hunger and hard labour

Haue ramde 'em Madam, at the first they below'd
Like stags tane in a toyle and would not worke
For sillennesse, but when they found with out it
Therewas no eating, and that to starue to death
Was mach against their stomachs, by degice
Against their wills they fell to it.

Corisca. And now feed on

The little pittance you allow with g'adnesse

Hilario. I do remember that they stop'd their noses
At the sight of beefe, and mutton as course feeding
For their fine palats, but now their worke being ended
Thy leape at a barley crust and ho'd these parings
With a spoonefull of pal'd wine pour'd in their water,
For festiuall exceedings.

Corisca. When I examine

My spinsters worke hee trembles like a prentice
And takes a box on the eare when I spie faults
And botches in his labour, as a fauour
From a curst mistrisse.

Hilario. The other to reele well

For

The Picture.

For his time, and if your ladieship would please.
To see 'em for your sport, since they want ayring
It would do well in my iudgement, you shall heere
Such a hungry diologe from 'em.

Sophia. But suppose
When they are out of prison they should grow
Rebellious?

Hilario. Neuer feare't Ill vndertake
To lead 'em out by the nose with a course thred
Of the o nes spinning and make the other reele after
And wit h out grumbling, & when you are weary of
Their co mpany as easily returne 'em.

Corisca Deere Madam it will helpe to driue away
Your melancholy.

Sophia. Well on this assurance
I am cont^ent, bring 'em hither.

Hilario. I will do it

In stately Equipage.

Exit Hilario.

Sophia. They haue confessed then
They were set on by the Queene to taynt mee in
My lo yalty to my Lord?

Corisca. Twas the maine cause,
That brought 'em hither.

Sophia. I am glad I know it
And as I haue begun before I end
Ill at the height reuenge it, let vs steppe aside
They come the obiects so ridiculous
In spite of my sad thoughts I cannot but
Lend a forc'd smile to grace it.

Enter Hilario, Vbaldo spinning, Ricardo reeling.

Hilario. Come away
Worke as you go, and loose no time 'tis precious
You'll find it in your Commons.

Ricardo. comons call you it
The word is proper I haue graz'd so long
Vpon your commons I am almost staru'd heere

Hilario. Worke harder and they shall be better'd

Vbaldo. better'd?

worser they cannot be would I might lye

The Picture.

Like a dogge vnder her table and serue for a footstool
So I might haue my belly full of that
Her Island cure refuses.

Hilario. How do you like
Your ayring? is it not a fauour?

Ricardo. Yes
Iust such a one as you vse to a brace of gray-houndes
When they are ledd out of their kennels to scumber
But our case is ten times harder, we haue nothing
In our bellies to be vented, if you will bee
And honest yeoman phenterer, feed vs first,
And waike vs after?

Hilario. Yeomen phenterer?
Sach another word to your Gouvernor, and you goe
Supperlesse to bed toort.

Ubaldo. Nay euen as you please.
The comfortable names of breake-fasts, dinners,
Collations, supper, beuerage, are words
Worne out of our remembrance.

Ricardo. O for the steame
Of meat in a cookes shoppe?

Ubaldo. I am so drie
I haue not spittle enough to wete my fingers
When I draw my flax from my distaffe

Ricardo. Nor I strength
To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. oh.
I haue the crampe all ouer me

Hilario. What do you thincke
Were best to apply to it, a crampstone as I take it
Were very viefuil.

Ricardo. Oh no more of stones
We haue beene vfd to long like hawkes already.

Ubaldo. We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting
We will come to an empty fist.

Hilario. Nay that you shall not
So hoe birdes, how the eyasses scratch, and scramble
Take heed of a surfer do not cast your gorges,
This is more then I haue commission for, be thankfull.

Sophia. Were all that studie the abuse of women

The Picture.

Vsd thus, the citty would not swarme with Cuccholds
Nor so many trads-menbreake.

Corisca. Pray you appeare now
And marke the altetation.

Hilario. To your worke
My Lady is in presence, show your duties
Exceeding well.

Sophia. How do your scollers profite?

Hilario. Hold vp your heads demurely. Prettily
For young beginners.

Corisca and will do well in time
If they be kept in awe.

Ricardo. In awe I am sure
I quake like an aspen leafe.

Vbaldo. no mercy Lady?

Ricardo. Nor intermission?

Sophia. Let me see your worke.

Fie vpon't what a thredds heere, a poore coblers wife
Would make a finer to sow a clounes rent start vp
And heere you reele as you were druncke.

Ricardo. I am sure it is not with wine

Sophia. O take heade of wine
Could water is far better for your healths
Of which I am very tender, you had foule bodies
And must continue in this phisicall diet
Tell the cause of your disease be tane away
For feare of a relaps and that is dangerous
Yet I hope alreedy that you are in some
Degree recouerd and that way to resoluue me
Answer me truly, nay what I propound
Concernes both neerer, what would you now giue
If your meanes were in your hands to lye all night
With a fresh and handsome ladie?

Vbaldo. How a lady?

O I am past it, hunger with her razor
Hath made me an euenuch

Ricardo. for a messe of porridge
well sop'd with a bunch of raddish and a carret
I would sell my barron ric but for women. oh

Noe more of women, not a doyte for a doxeie,
After this hungry voyage.

Sophia. These are truly
Good symptomes, let them not venture too much in the ayre;
Till they are weaker.

Ricardo. this is tyranie.

Ubaldo. Scorne vpon scorne.

Sophia. You were so
In your malitious intents to me;

Enter a seruant

And therefore tis but iustice, whats the busnesse?

Seruant. My Lords great friend, signior *Baptista* Madam,
Is newly lighted from his horse, with certaine
Assurance of my Lords arriuall.

Sophia. How?

And stand I trifling here, hence with the mungrells
To there seuerall kennels, there let them houle in priuate,
Ile bee no farther troubled.

Exeunt Sophia and seruant.

Ubaldo. O that euer
I saw this fury!

Ricardo. Or look'd on a woman
But as a prodigie in nature.

once

Hilario. Silence;
Noe more of this.

Corisca. me thincks you haue noe cause
To repent your being heere.

Hilario haue you not learnt
When your states are spent your seuerall trades to liue by,
and neuer charge the hospita'l?

Corisca. Worke but titely,
And wee will not vse a dishe-cloute in the house
But of your spinning.

Ubaldo O I would this hempe
Were turn'd to a halter.

Hilario Will you march?

Ricardo. A soft one,
Good generall, I beseech you.

Ubaldo. I can hardly
Draw my legs after me.

Hilario. For a crouch, you may vse

Your distaffe, a good wit makes vse of all things.

Exeunt.

Actus quinti, Scena secunda.

Enter Sophia, Baptista.

Sophia. Was he jealous of me?

Baptista. Ther's no perfite loue,
Without some touch of t Madam.

Sophia. And my picture
Made by your diuelish art, a spie vpon
My actions? I neuer fate to be drawne,
Nor had you fir comisson for't,

Baptista. excuse me,
At his earnest sute I did it.

Sophia. Very good,
Was I growne so cheape in his opinion of me?

Baptista. The prosperous euent that croand his fortunes
May qualifie the offence.

Sophia. Rood the euent
The sanctuary fooles and madmen flie to,
when their rash and desperat vndertakings thriue well
But good, and wisemen are directed by
Graue counsaies, and with such deliberation
Proceed in their affaires that chance had nothing
To do with 'em; howsoere, take the paynes fir
To meete the honor in the King, and Queenies
Approches to my house, that breakes vpon mee
I will expect them with my best of care

Baptista. To entertaine such royall ghests.

Sophia. I know it
Leaue that to me fir what should mone the Queene
So giuen to ease and pleasure, as fame speakes her,
To such a iourney? or worke on my Lord
To doubt my loyalty? nay more to take
For the resolution of his feares, a course
That is by holy writ denide a christian?
Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome
He hopes in my embraces may deceiue
His expectation the trumpet's speake
The Kings arriual, helpe a womans wit now,
To make him know his fault, and my iust anger.

Exit Baptista.

Exit Sophia.

Actus

The Picture.

Actus quinti, scena ultima.

Loud musicke, Enter Mathias, Eubulus, Ladislaus, Ferdinand,
Honoris, Baptista, Acanthe, with attendants

Eubulus. Your maiesty must be weary.

Honoris. No my Lord

A willing mind makes a hard iourney easie

Mathias. Not long attended on by Hermes, was
More welcome to the cottage of Philemon,
And his poore Baucis, then your gracious selfe.
Your matchlesse Queene, and all your royall traine
Are to your seruant and his wife.

Ladislaus. Where is she?

Honoris. I long to see her as my now loud riuall

Eubulus. And i to haue a smatch at her, 'tis a cordiall
To an old man, better then sacke, and a toft
Before he goes to supper.

Mathias. Hal's my house turnd
To a wilderness? nor wife nor seruants ready
Wit hall rites due to maiesty to receiue
Such vnexpected blessings? you assur'd me
Of better preparation, hath not
Th'excesse of ioy transported her beyond
Her vnderstanding?

Baptista. I now parted from her,
And gaue her your directions.

Mathias. How shall I begge
Your maiesties patience? sure my fame's druncke
Or by some witch in enuie of my glory
A dead sleepe throwne vpon'em.

Enter Hilario, and seruants.

I seruant. Sir.

Mathias. But that
The sacred presence of the King forbids it,
My sword should make a massacre among you.
Where is your mistress?

Hilario. First you are welcome home sir
Then know shee's sicke sir, there's no notice
Taken of my brauery.

The Picture.

Mathias. Sicke at such a time !

It cannot be, though she were on her death bed,
And her spirit euen now departed, heere stand they
Could call it backe againe, and in this honor
Giue her a second being, bring me to her,
I know not what to vrge, or how to redeeme
This morgage of her manners.

*Exeunt Mathias
and Hilario.*

Eubulus. Ther's no climate

On the world I thinke where on iades tricke or other
Raignes not in women,

Ferdinand. You were euer bitter
Against the Sex.

Ladislaus. This is very strange.

Honorio. Meane women
Haue their faults as well, as **Q**ueenes.

Ladislaus. O shee appeares now.

Enter Mathias, Sophia, & Hilario.

Mathi. The iniury that you conceiue I haue done you
Dispute heereafter, and in your peruersenes
Wrong not your selfe, and me.

Sophia. I am pass'd my childhood,
And need no tutor.

Mathias. This is the great King.
To whom I am ingag'd till death for all
I stand possess'd of.

Sophia. My humble rooffe is proud sir.
To be the canopie of so much greatnes,
Set off with goodnes.

Ladislaus. My owne prayfes flying
In such pure ayre, as your sweete breath faire Lady
Cannot but please me.

Mathias. This is the **Q**ueene of **Q**ueenes,
In her magnificence to me.

Sophia. In my duty
I kisse her highnes robe.

Honorio. You stoope too low
To her whose lipps would meete with yours.

Sophia. Howere.
It may appeare prepostrous in women

Soe to encounter, 'tis your p'caſure Madam
And not my proud ambition; do you heare ſir,
Without a magicall picture, in the touch,
I find your printe of cloſe and wanton kiſſes
On the Queenes lipps

Mathias. Vpon your life be ſilent.
And now ſalute theſe Lords.

Sophia. Since you'll hane me
You ſhall ſee I am experienc'd at the game
And can play it titely; you are a braue man ſir
And do deſerue a free and hartly welcome
Be this the prologue to it.

Eubulus. An old mans turne
Is euer laſt in kiſſing, I haue lipps too
Howeuer cold ones Madam.

Sophia. I will warme 'em,
With the fire of mine.

Eubulus. And ſo ſhe haſt; I thanke you:
I ſhall ſleepe the better all night for't.

Mathias. You expreſſe
The boldnes of a wanton courtezan,
And not a matrons modeſty, take vp,
Or you are diſgrac'd foreuer.

Sophia. How? with kiſſing
Feelingly as you tought mee? would you haue me
Turne my cheek to 'em, as proud ladies uſe
To their inferiors, as if they intended
Some buſineſſe ſhould be whiſperd in their eare
And not a ſalutation, what I doe
I will do freely, now I am in the humor
I'll ſie at all, are there any more?

Mathias. Forbear,
Or you will rayſe my anger to a height,
That will deſcend in fury.

Sophia. Whie? you know
How to reſolue your ſeiſe what my intents are,
By the helpe of Mephoſtophiles, and your picture,
Pray you looke vpon't againe, I humbly thanke
The Queenes great care of me, while you were abſent.

She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,
 And being for that time a kind of widdow,
 To passe away her melancholly hours
 Wit hout good company, and in charity therefore
 Provided for me, out of her owne store
 She culd the Lords *Ubaldo*, and *Ricardo*,
 Two principall courtiers for Ladies seruice,
 To do me all good offices, and as such
 Imployd by her, I hope I haue receau'd,
 And entertain'd 'em, nor shall they depart
 Wit hout the effect arising from the cause
 That brought 'em hither.

Mathias. Thou dost be-lye thy selfe,
 I know that in my absence thou wer't honest,
 Howeuer now turnd monster.

Sophia. The truth is
 We did not deale like you in speculations
 On cheating pictures; we knew shadowes were
 No substances and a ctuall performance
 The best assurance, I will bring 'em hither
 To make good in this presence so much for me.
 Some minutes space I begge your maiesties pardon
 You are mou'd now champe vpon this bit a little
 Anon you shall haue another, waite me *Hilario*.

Exeunt Sophia, & Hilario.

Ladislans. How now? turnd statue sir?

Mathias. Flic, and flic quicklie
 From this curst habitation, or this Gorgon
 Will make you all as I am, in her tongue
 Millions of adders hisse, and eery haye
 Vpon her wicked head a snake more dreadfull
 Than that *Tisiphone* hrew on *Athamas*,
 Which in his madnes forc'd him to dismember
 His proper issue O that ~~the~~ euer I
 Repc'd my trust in magicke, or belieu'd
 Impossibili-ies, or that charmes had power
 To sincke and serch into the bottomlesse hell,
 For a false womans heart.

Enbulus.

The Picture.

Eubulus. These are the fruites
Of marriage, and old batchelor, as *I* am,
And what's more will continue so, is not troublede
With these fine sagaries.

Ferdinand. Till you are resolu'd fir,
Forfake not hope.

Baptista. Vpon my life this is
Dissimulation.

Ladislans. And it suites not with
Your fortitude and wisdom to be thus
Transported with your passion.

Honorina. You were once
Deceaud in me fir as I was in you,
Yet the deceipte please both.

Mathias. She hath confes'd all,
What further prooffe should I aske ?

Honorina. Yet remember
The distance that is interpos'd betweene
A womans tongue, and her hart, and you must grant
You build vpon no certainties.

Enter Sophia, Corisca, Hilario, Vbaldo, & Ricardo, as before.

Eubulus. What haue we heere ?

Sophia. You must come on and show you selues.

Vbaldo. The King !

Ricardo. And Queene too, would I were as far vnder the earth
As I am about it.

Vbaldo. Some Poet will
Prom this relation, or in verse, or prooffe,
Or both together blended render vs
Ridiculous to all ages,

Ladislans. I remember
This face when it was in a better plight
Are not you *Ricardo* ?

Honorina. And this thing I take it
Was once *Vbaldo*.

Vbaldo. I am now I know not what.

Ricardo. We thanke your maiesty for imploying vs
To this subiill Circe.

The Picture.

Eubulus. How my Lord? turnd spinster.
Do you worke by the day or by the great?

Ferdinand. Is your Theorbo
Turnd to a distaffe Signior, and your voyce
With which you chanted rome for a lusty gallant
Turnd to the note of lacreyina?

Eubulus. Prethee tell me
For I know thou art free, how often and to the purpose
Haue you beene merry with this lady.

Ricardo. Neuer, neuer.

Ladislans. Howsoeuer you should say so, for your credit
Being the only count bull.

Vbaldo. O that euer
I saw this kicking heyfer,

Sophia. You see Madam
How I haue curd your seruants, and what fauours
They with their rampaht valour haue woone from me.
You may as they are phisickd, I presume
Trust a faire virgine with 'em, they haue learnd
Their seuerall trades to liue by, and payd nothing
But cold, and hunger for 'em, and may now
Set vp for them selues for heere I giue 'em ouer,
And now to you sir, why doe you not againe,
Peruse your picture? and take the aduice
Of your learned consort? these are the men, or none
That made you, as the Italian sayes a beco.

Mathias. I know not which way to intreat your pardon
Nor am I worthy of it my *Sophia*,
My best *Sophia*, heere before the king,
The *Queene*, these Lords, and all the lookers on
I do renounce my error, and embrace you
As the great example to all after times
For such as would dye chaste, and noble wiues
With reuerence to immitate.

Sophia. Not so sir.
I yet hold of, howeuer I haue purg'd
My doubted innocence, the foule asperctions
In your vnmanly doubts cast on my honor

The Picture.

Cannot so soone be washd of.

Eubulus. Shall we haue
More ijjgobobs yet?

Sophia. When you went to the warrs
I set no spie vpon you to obserue
which way you wandred, though our sex by nature
Is subiect to suspitions and feares,
My confidence in your loyalty freed me from 'em.
But to deale as you did gainst your religion
With this inchanter to suruey my actions
Was more then womans weaknes, therefore know
And tis my boone vnto the King, I doe
Desire a seperation from your bed
For I will spend the remnant of my life
In prayer, and meditation.

Mathias. O take pittie
Vpon my weake condition, or I am
More wretched in your innocence, then if
I had found you guilty, haue you showne a ieuell
Out of the cabinet of your rich mind
To locke it vp againe? She turues away
Will none speake for me? shame, and sinne hath robd me
Of the vse of my tongue.

Ladislaus. Since you haue conquerd Maddam
You wrong the glory of your victory
If you vse it not with mercy.

Ferdinand. Any penance
You please to impose vpon him I dare warrant
He will glad'y suffer.

Eubulus. Haue I liu'd to see
But on good woman, and shall we for a trifle
Haue her returne nun? I will first pull downe the cloyster
To the ould sport againe with a good lucke to you
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We must haue some of the breed of you, will you destroy
The kind, and race of goodnesse? I am conuerted
And aske your pardon Madam for my ill opinion
Against the sex, and show me but two such more

The Picture

I'll marry yet, and loue em.

Honoria. She that yet
Nere knew what 'twas to bend but to the King
Thus begge remission for him.

Sophia. O deere Madam
Wrong not your greatnesse so.

Omnes. We all are sutors.

Vbaldo. I do deserue to bee hard among the rest.

Ricardo. And we haue sufferd for it

Sophia. I perceiue
Thers no resistance but suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me, He'll be free
From ieaalousie heereafter.

Mathias. I will be
My owne security, go ride where you please,
Feast, reuele, banquet, and make choise with whom
I'll set no watch vpon you, and for prooffe, oft
This cursed picture I surrender vp
To a consuming fire,

Baptista. As I abuire
The practise of my art.

Sophia. Vpon this termes.
I am reconcil'd and for these that haue payd
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

Ladislaus. At your request they haue it.

Vbaldo. Hang all trades now.

Ricardo. I will find a new one, and that is to liue honest.

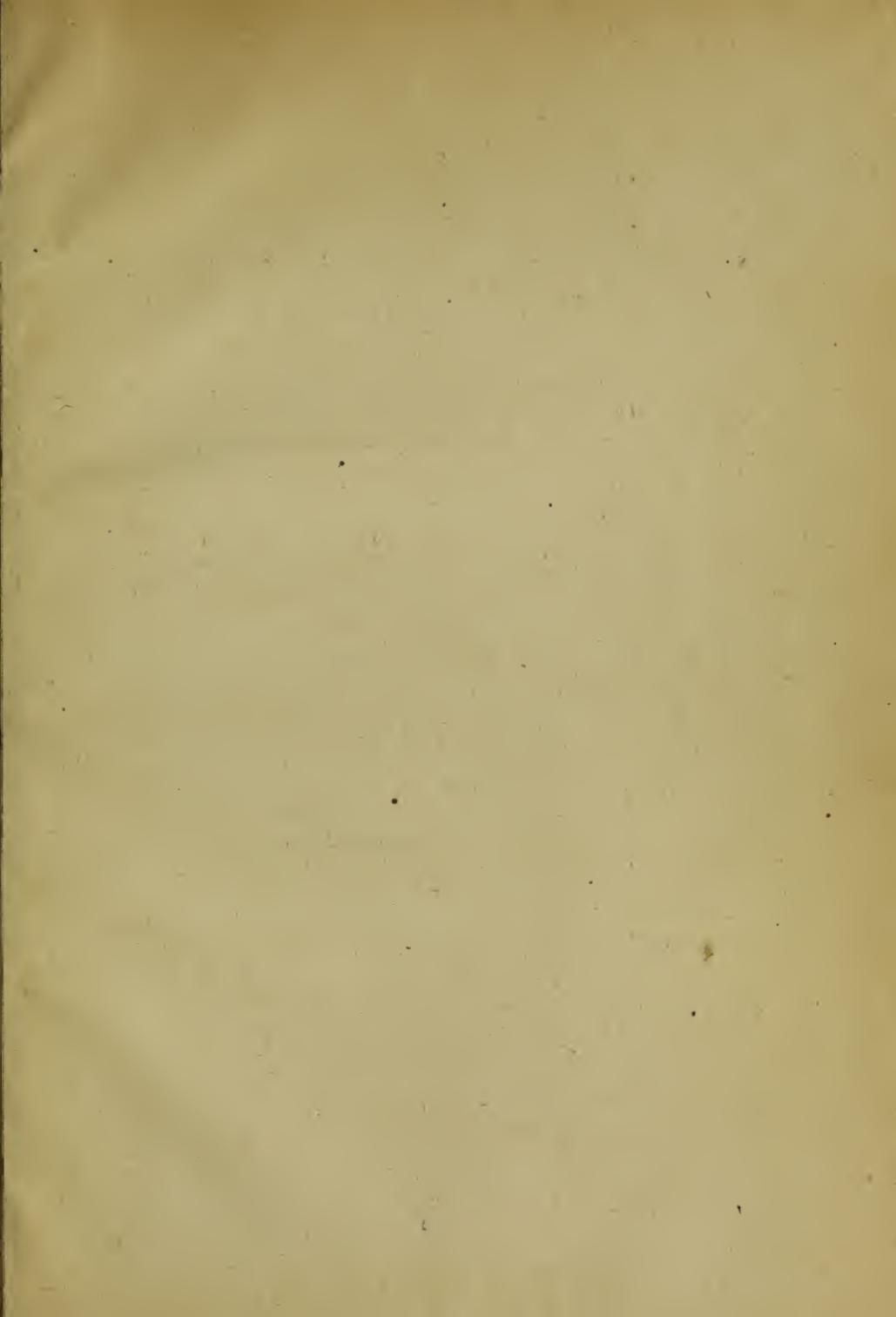
Hilario. These are my fee's.

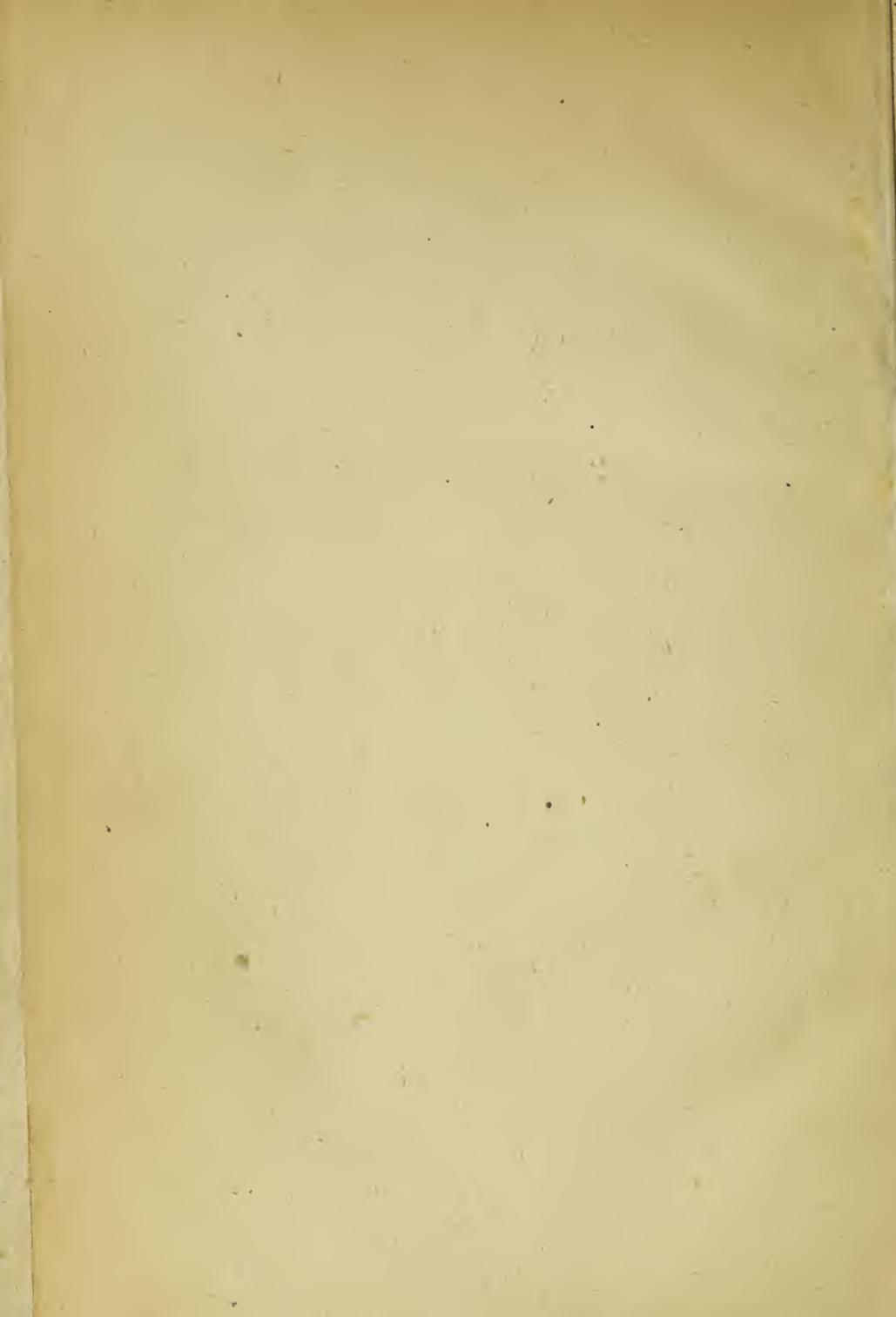
Vbaldo. Pray you take 'em with a mischeefe.

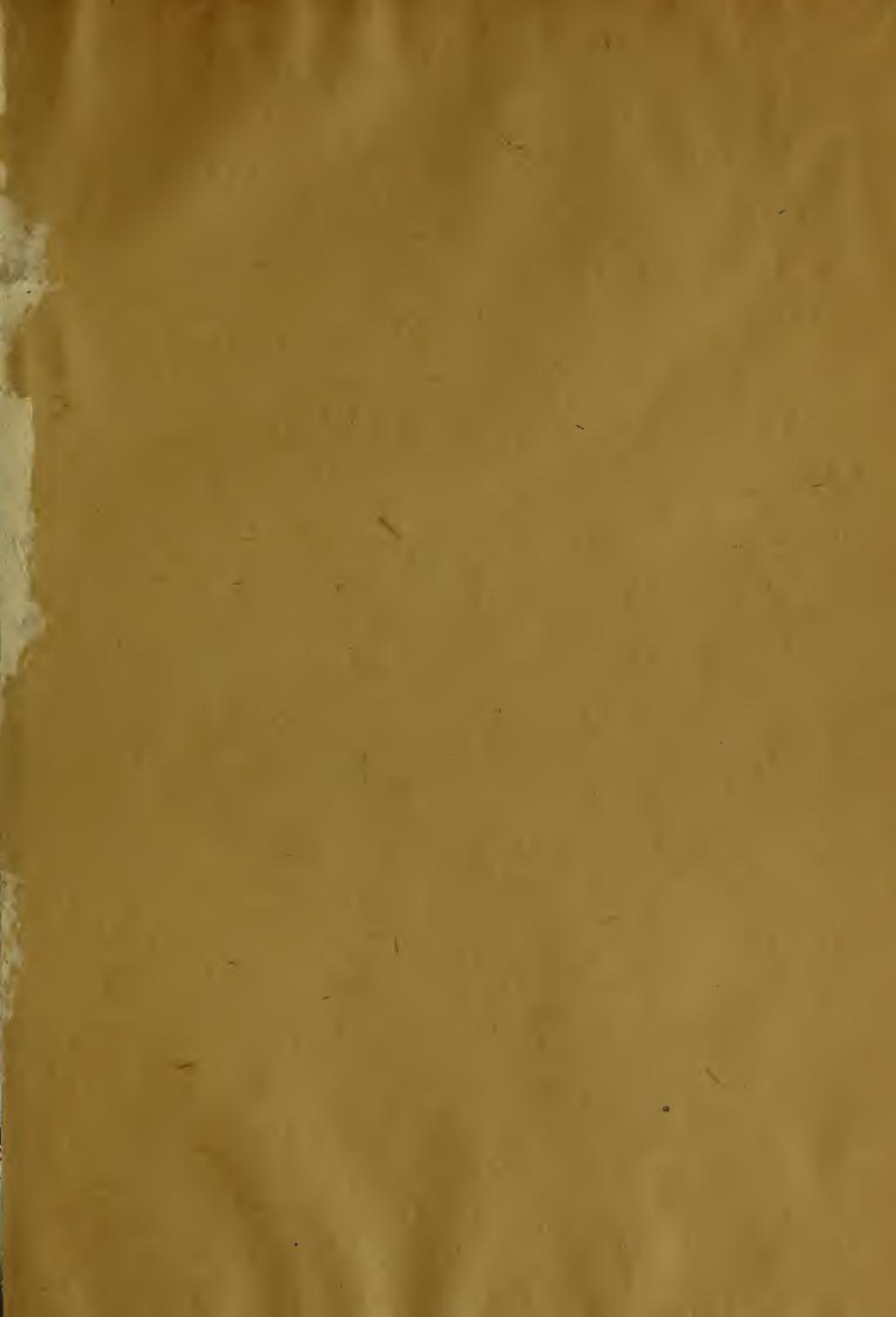
Ladislaus. So all ends in peace now
And to all married men be this a caution.
Which they should duly tender as their life
Neither to dore to much nor doubt a wife.

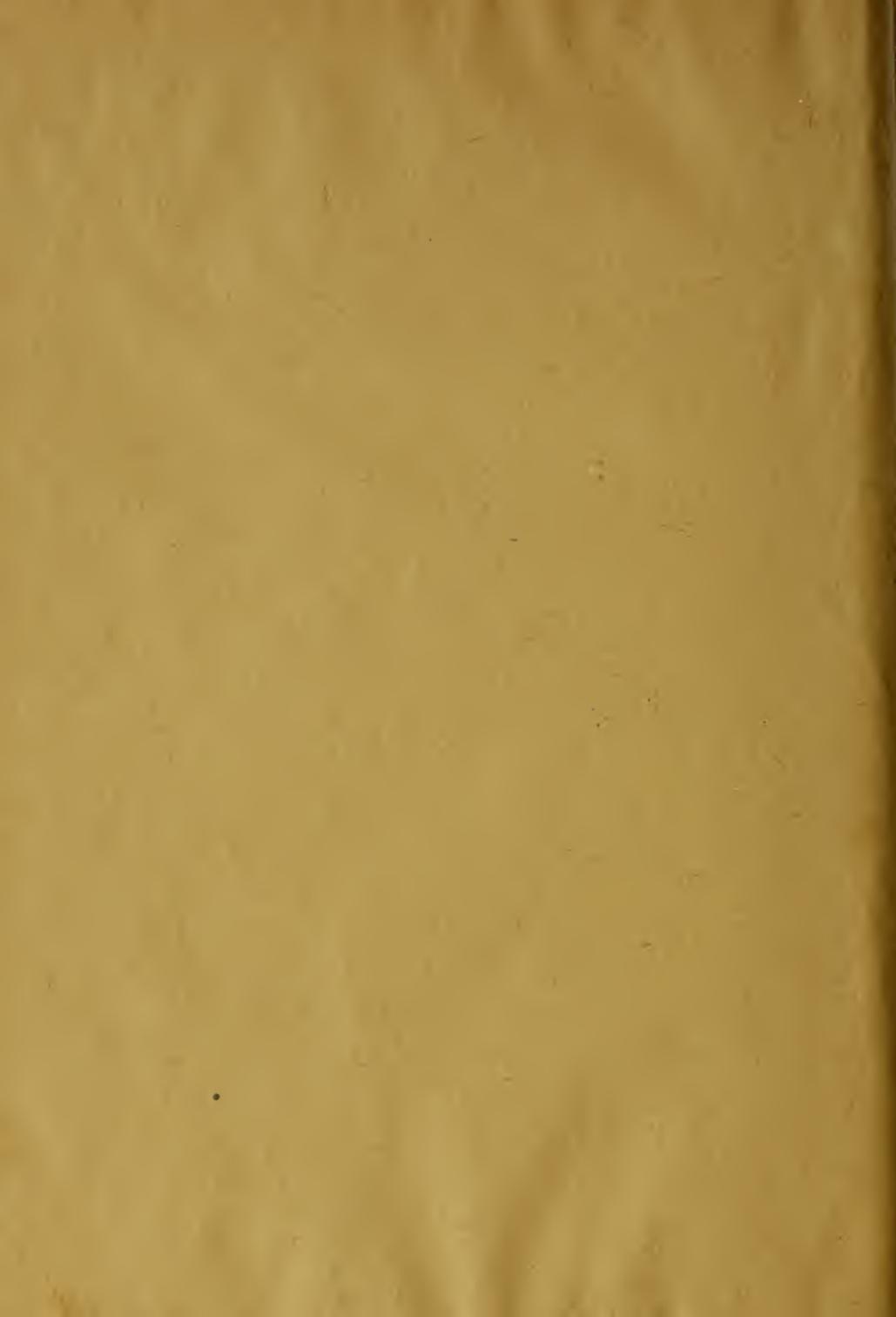
Exeunt Omnes

FINIS.









FEB 21 1937

